Saturday Night

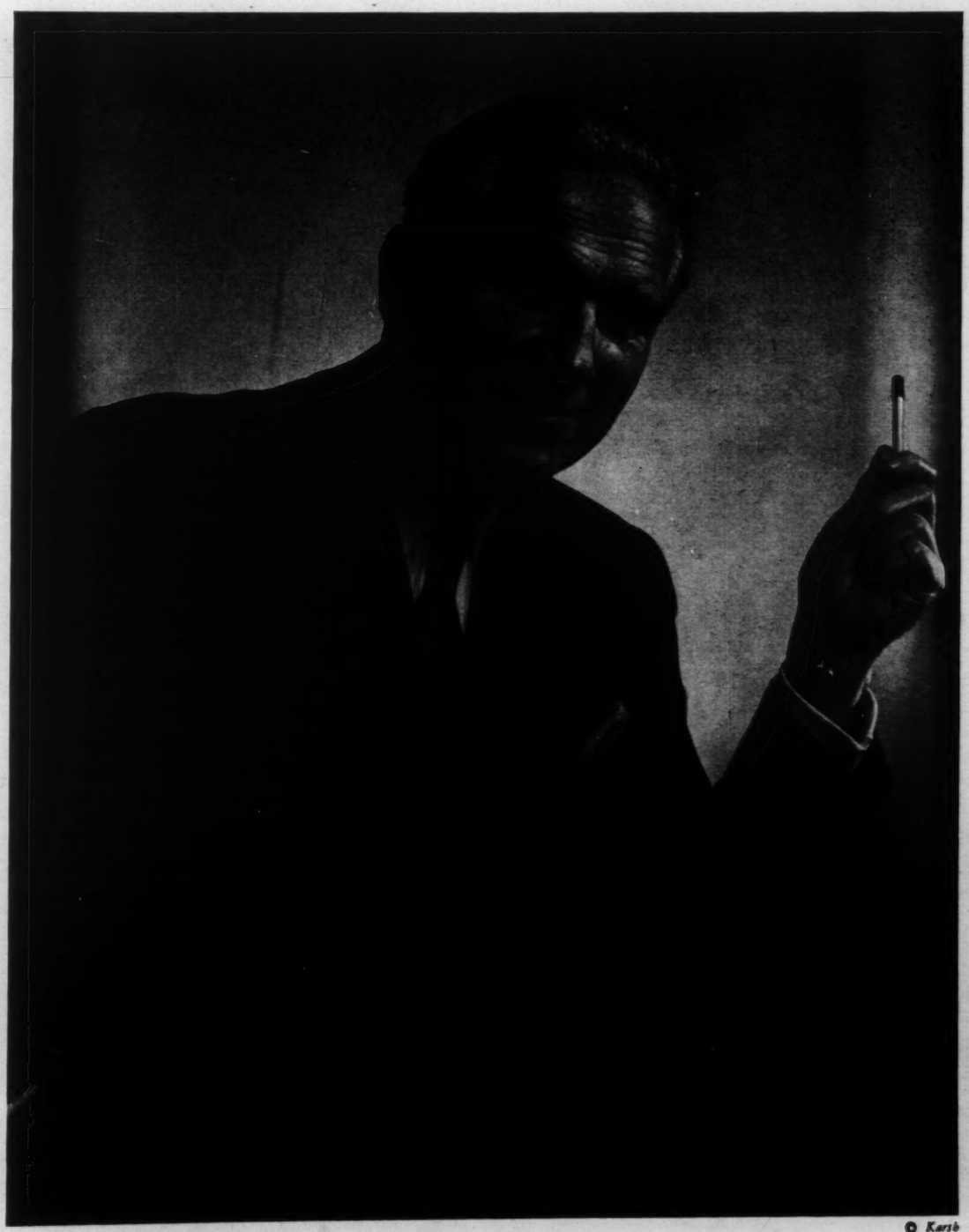
April 25, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

IF THE members of the American Association of Universities (which includes McGill and Toronto) had been a little more earthy in their declaration that present membership in the Communist Party "extinguishes the right to a university position," they would have done much to clear away some of the confusion which fogs our thinking when we try to decide how to handle persons who would destroy us. But the university authorities, harried by all sorts of individuals and groups ready to start a ruckus at the drop of a headline, have hidden their nervousness behind an imposing façade of abstracts.

Words like citizenship, integrity, independence, and academic freedom, are good, sound words; indeed, in the right context, they can warm the heart and stir the mind. But they have been used a great deal in recent years by a lot of vague people to clothe a lot of amorphous thinking, and their outlines have become so misty, they vanish quickly in the fog which surrounds the subject of Communism.

The university authorities could have helped all the puzzled men and women on school boards, municipal



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DR. EDWARD JOHNSON: There are great voices waiting to be heard *(Page 4)*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

councils and similar bodies, if they had defined more precisely what they meant by such a sentence as "loyalty, integrity and independence are incompatible with membership in the Communist Party or adherence to the Soviet Union and its satellites." They could have spelled it out in concrete terms:

A Communist must think only what the leaders of his party tell him to think, not only about politics, but about science, music, literature, philosophy, religion, and every other subject that concerns the human mind and spirit. He is the slave of a rigid system which does not permit him to make up his own mind about anything. Therefore he has no place in any institution whose purpose is to train and encourage young people to think for themselves.

A Communist has the privilege of free speech and free expression of his ideas, because the Communist party has not been banned. But this privilege does not mean that we must provide the Communist with a hall—especially when that hall has been built by the government he would destroy—or with a ready-made audience, as in schools and colleges.

Most Nervous Gamblers

WHAT HAS been happening in Korea has shown once again that the most nervous gamblers anywhere are found among the people who play the stock markets. If there is a rumor of war, they rush to sell; if the war starts, they rush to buy; if there is a chance the war will end, they rush to sell. They move from one omen to another in a fine state of jitters. If they could peer through the dollar signs long enough, they would see that the shares they buy and sell with such frenzy are only the symbols of the work, energy and ideas of a whole nation, of men and women in the factories, the fields, the forests, the offices—of people who do not curl up and die before the winds of rumor.

The Big Spring Drive

THE RIVER drivers—virtuosos of the pike-pole, ballet dancers of the log jam—are busy these days, getting the winter's cut of timber on its way to the saw mills and the pulp plants. It is the lusty, colorful climax of the forest harvest and its success depends on the skill of the drivers, the men responsible for getting the logs through a maze of streams, rivers and lakes to the mills.

It is an important job, for on it depends the volume of raw materials delivered to the industries which use wood for everything from newsprint to toys. By far the greatest amount goes into pulp and paper production, which since World War II has moved into a leading position in the nation's economy.

The distance from the mills to the source of pulpwood has increased tremendously in the last 40 years, but this increase is offset to some extent by the use of water to transport the logs. The nimble drivers keep the floating logs moving, dancing across booms to break up jams or following the moving mass in driving boats with long-pointed prows. They are in a hurry this month, because on the smaller streams they must take advantage of the spring freshets. The bulk of the winter's cut must get to the mill before fall, but in some cases it will take up to two years for the logs to reach their destination.

Some of the 30,000 men who work on the drive when it is at its peak will follow the logs all the way; others will return, once the logs are well on the way, to the farms they left during the winter; and still others will leave the drive to do work needed before next season's logging operations.

Even before any trees were felled, engineers had estimated the driving capacity of the rivers. When the first spring thaw started to make lace of crusty snow, driving crews began to move to posts along the streams where jams could occur. And when the ice began to heave and grind, the drivers were ready; water lost cannot be recovered, and the freshets must all carry their proper burden of wood for man's various uses—a job they have been doing since the end of the seventeenth century, when sawmill operators drove logs on the small rivers falling into the St. Lawrence near Montreal.

Malak

River drivers pole their boat through white water

Tone as well as Beat

PSYCHIATRISTS constantly are expanding the empire of human knowledge. Now, after considerable research, one of them has found that some people have such a fine sense of rhythm that they even eat soup rhythmically. It is a pity he did not do more research on this subject, however, because there are tonal qualities to be considered, as well as a solid beat, in the consumption of soup. It may well be that soup is one of the best release mechanisms we have. Who can tell how many people have satisfied their subconscious yearning for music with variations on a soup-bowl theme?

Dream-world Plotters

THERE IS something very pathetic about the way some small groups of immigrants create new little dreamworlds for themselves from the ruins of the old. Most of the new arrivals from Europe go about the job of joining the Canadian community in brisk, business-like fashion; they have their troubles, their difficulties and their disappointments, and much of the time they do not get great help from anyone in their task of readjustment, but still they manage to move into the main stream of Canadian life. There are some, however, who never really make themselves at home here; their bodies are here, but their spirits are back in their native lands, fighting the ancient feuds and plotting new political coups.

In Toronto the other day it was discovered that a tiny group of Hungarians, former members of the Hungarian Nazi party, had formed a "government in exile." Members of the "cabinet" meet weekly and try to devise ways of putting a Nazi regime back in power in the country they left. Undoubtedly it is important to them, and they take themselves seriously, but most of the other Hungarian-born residents look on them with angry contempt as a "bunch of crackpots who don't realize they are playing with fire."

The plotters are the maladjusted ones. They have not been able to find in their new environment enough to satisfy their need for personal importance, and their play-acting is both an escape and a barrier. They probably get more publicity than they deserve, because their solemn huddles in dingy restaurants and back rooms are more pitiful than dangerous. The most unfortunate effect of their goings-on is that they, a very tiny majority, often bring all their countrymen into bad repute.

Cluttering the Mails

AMONG THE hibernating creatures emerging from a long sleep these Spring days are those Members of Parliament who have dozed since the last election and now bestir themselves at the approach of another. Their preliminary electioneering has the two virtues of simplicity and economy—for themselves—because it consists largely of reprinting whatever they managed to slip into *Hansard* during their moments of wakefulness. and mailing out these excerpts to their constituents. They do not have to pay for the mailing, because for ten days before and after sessions, as well as for the whole time that the House sits, they have the privilege of franking—sending out mail without buying stamps for it.

This sort of electioneering means that the member's mailing bill is paid by his constituents — all of them, whether they vote for him or not. It also means that the Post Office has a great deal more work to do, finds it harder to handle the total volume of mail, and has a more difficult time trying to make ends meet. Last year, when the Post Office was trying to economize, it was estimated that 2½ per cent of its costs could be attributed to the free mail sent out by Members of Parliament and the various departments of government.

There is no reason why the Post Office should have to carry this extra load. A great deal of the matter sent out by the Members and the departments is rubbish anyway, and no one would miss it; if it isn't used to light a kitchen fire, it lands in some office wastebasket. If Members were held to a certain mail allowance, and the departments to an accounting of postage, not only would Post Office costs be reduced but a lot less tommyrot would emanate from Ottawa.

A Deceptive Covenant

"A COVENANT of Human Rights" is a title that has the sound of bugles in it, stirring up the spirit and summoning up the blood of all who would comfort and help the downtrodden of the earth. But it would be a mistake to let its brave clamor deafen us to the calm voice of reason.

To approve of such a covenant in principle is one thing; to approve of each of its articles is another. A couple of weeks ago, President Eisenhower sent a message to the UN commission which is drafting a covenant on human rights, in which he expressed his interest in the commission's

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work, but saying his country would not ratify the covenant "in the present stage of international relations." Supporters of the commission immediately criticized Eisenhower, with varying degrees of bitterness, but he, who has listened to the sound of bugles for many years, was listening this time to the voice of reason.

The articles on which the Covenant of Human Rights is being based concern such matters as education, marriage, religion and conditions of employment. Unless it were regarded as just another scrap of paper, it would give the UN the right to dabble in the domestic affairs of all countries. The people of the primitive nations might welcome the results of such dabbling, but interference with the social forms of advanced nations could lead to bickering which would make the present hassles in the UN sound like afternoon teas in a manse. In any case, the UN has no power to enforce the covenant, and could do nothing to make any country pay more than lip service to its rules.

What President Eisenhower meant when he referred to the "present stage of international relations", was that he did not want to give Communists any more of an opportuntiy to meddle in the social and legislative processes of the United States. Canada can say the same thing; and in our case, the covenant could mean severe revision or even scrapping of much of the British North America Act, with greatly increased powers of direction and control going to the Federal Government — if Canadian authorities went seriously about the job of trying to enforce it.

All these are practical considerations, which do not take into account arguments over the division between moral and legal rights or the difference between rights and needs. The time will come for a Covenant of Human Rights, but the time is not yet—not while it could be a weapon for civil strife instead of an instrument for global justice.

Gadgets and Grace

BEGUM SHAISTA Ikramullah is a woman of two worlds. Wife of Pakistan's High Commissioner to Canada, she has been here for a year; she has been one of her country's delegates to the United Nations; and she has received a doctorate in Philosophy from London University. She knows the western world and appreciates its gadgets. But this tiny woman, who is just five feet tall, isn't too overwhelmed.

"I remember the spacious, gracious days of my youth," she told us. "Living then took more time, the tempo was slower. When I was a child, the old civilization was only just beginning to change. The frame was broken, but the picture was still intact. In some ways, my early life was spent in two worlds, partly amid the traditions of my people and partly at a school where English was the only language spoken." The school was Loretta House in Calcutta. In 1933, when she was 17½ years of age, she got her BA from Calcutta University, and that was the year she married Mahamod Ikramullah.

"We went to London in 1937," she said "and did not return home until 1940, when the independence movement was coming to a head. I helped to organize the All-India Moslem Women Students' Federation, and when partition came I was elected to the Constituent Assembly of Pakistan. It was interesting and important work. What I am doing here, getting as many Canadians as possible interested in Pakistan, is important and interesting too. I make speeches wherever I can. Everybody is so kind, and I think we are making progress."

BEGUM SHAISTA IKRAMULLAH: Woman of two worlds

Her four children have taken readily to Canada, particularly Inam, a youth of 18, who likes to wear slacks and T-shirts. The other three are girls, who switch readily from Moslem dress to western styles and back again.

"Western technology is making great strides in Pakistan," the Begum said. "But one big disappointment is the film industry. If I remember correctly, my country has made three films. They have all, I am sorry to say, been worse than Hollywood."

Babies in Cages

MOTHERS in London, England, are putting their babies in cages and hanging them from windowsills, according to a news report. An enterprising English firm added cramped living space to babies' need for fresh air and sunlight and the answer was the cages, which are about three feet square and are strong enough to hold a grown man.

Undoubtedly the fashion will spread to other cities, and considered in the light of modern living, it may be a good thing. The chances are that most of the youngsters will grow up to live in cages of sorts anyway, and the earlier they are conditioned the fewer vague resentments they will have when they grow older.

Making Good Music

LAST SUNDAY Dr. Edward Johnson gave his blessing, on the final program of the 1952-53 season, to the young singers who had won scholarships on the "Singing Stars" series sponsored by Canadian Industries Limited. "Once again," he told us later, "it has proved what I have always believed—that Canada has as much musical talent as any country, and more and more that talent is being discovered, being given a chance, being brought to public attention. If you heard the young stars on the CIL programs, you know that there are many, many singers of a very high calibre here."

"If they are not in too much of a hurry," he added, "many of them will sing in the great places." He may have been looking back over his own career when he said that. After he left his native Guelph, he sang in Broadway shows before going to Italy to study. He made his debut in Padua in 1912, and ten years later joined New York's Metropolitan Opera Company. He sang at the Met for 13 years, then managed it for 15, before retiring in 1950.

"When I returned here," he said, "I was amazed at the progress. Delighted, too. So much already has been done, it is almost unbelievable —operas in Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg and Vancouver; ballet companies and orchestras getting firmly established. There is a great flowering of the arts, and music especially. People are arguing about the merits of this or that show or musician or score, and that is a good sign. When they argue, they are interested."

Dr. Johnson, a chubby, pink-cheeked man of conservative dress and meticulous speech, still makes his home in New York, but flies to Toronto regularly to attend to such duties as being chairman of the Royal Conservatory of Music, and chairman of the "Singing Stars" judges' committee.

He spoke wistfully of the opera houses in other great cities of the world—Paris, Rome, Brussels, London—and mused, "Canada is making music, good music. But there is still a long, long way to go."

Quotation Marks

SOME LITERARY gentlemen in the United States have raised an outcry against what they say is an improper use of quotation marks. They object to the quotation mark being used as a sneer. Thus the word "facts", in quotes has come to mean falsehoods, and an "objective" study is not objective at all.

We do not share the alarm of those who would restrict the use of the quotation mark. It can give extra flexibility and subtlety to the written word, at a time when opposing ideologies have forced into the language all sorts of double meanings which should be made as clear in print as when they are spoken and given the proper inflection of voice. If a word is written with a snarl, that snarl should be made clear to the reader.

Elmer Davis, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, has suggested that the next war, if it comes, will be fought between peace-loving and "peace-loving" nations, with each side attributing the quotation marks to the other. The simple use of the quotes in that case makes the inflection of meaning perfectly clear, and saves paragraphs of explanation.

Expressive Looks

SOME TIME ago in the southern United States, a black man looked at a white woman and was arrested on a charge of common assault. The local court found him guilty, too, although the Supreme Court of the state later tossed out the case. Now officials of a Baptist church in Oregon have kicked out a man on the ground of moral misconduct — he "caressed" a woman "with his eyes."

We shall be watching the news for more items of this sort, because it may be the start of a trend. Various authorities have been telling us for years that the art of conversation is being forgotten, and, unless there is a big change in the way we amuse ourselves outside working hours, there is a time coming when we will converse only in grunts and growls. It may be that, as our tongues become petrified, our eyes will take up the task of expression.

If this is so, it's time we got busy. There are all sorts of looks that should be investigated, checked for subversive tendencies and so on, and necessary legislation prepared. In the meantime, someone should mention another freedom — the freedom to look at things without blinkers.

Letters

No Symbol Needed

A RECENT letter defended "our" Monarchy as being a "symbol" and the sole factor that has kept Canada from falling apart at the seams. I should like to take issue.

How can any "symbol," no matter how noble and splendid, unite our people as Canadians if it comes from outside Canada? The British Monarchy is as alien to the Canadian way of life as are either Communism or Fascism. The thing which unites us as Canucks is not the Old-World aristocratic pomp and traditions of another country and people but rather the common interests and ideals we share as a free and self-determining people with a common history and heritage on this continent. How can a Queen who reigns 4,000 miles away across an ocean, in another country and continent . . . and who sets foot on Canadian soil for a few weeks once or twice in her lifetime—how can such a person, no matter how noble of mind and character, claim to be the "symbol" of a common unity to all Canadians of all faiths and origins? It does no good to say the Crown is more than just one person when we all know its strength and usefulness depends solely on the person who happens, by accident of birth, to be "it" at any particular time.

Edmonton DAVED E. ARMSTRONG

I WONDER why all the heat about the Livingston letter advocating republicanism in Canada . . . Is there no place in Canada for reasonable discussion of these views? I believe there is, just as I believe that the correspondents who have attacked Mr. Livingston so savagely are of the unreasonable breed ("think as I do, or else!") who make dictatorships possible.

One isn't a Communist or a Fascist simply because one suggests that a republican form of government might be appropriate for Canada. It can make an interesting discussion, though academic—except for a pleasant bit of make-believe (such as recognizing the British monarch as the King or Queen of the Realm of Canada) what we have now is virtual republicanism. In all respects, except for sentiment, Canada is independent.

Saskatoon J. W. DELAPLANTE

Rewriting Scriptures

I WAS GLAD to read on the Letters page your correspondent's complaint about the artificial whine that ministers of the Gospel seem to think they must produce whenever they want to discourse on the Scriptures or to address God in prayer . . . I have another charge against the ministers: that they are deliberately and wilfully destroying the beauty of the Scriptures with their absurd efforts to simplify the language to the point where even a student of theology can understand it.

As a result of the greatest high-pressure sales campaign in history, the new version of the Bible has had a tremendous sale. But I predict that ten years from now, the new volumes will be gathering dust while people will still be turning to the King James version for the solace of their souls and the satisfaction of their craving for beauty. . .

Now along comes another deluded theologian who wants a literal translation of the Lord's Prayer. One of these days the ministers are going to wake up to the fact that in their blind pursuit of literacy they are destroying the essential mysticism of religion.

St. John, N.B. FRASER FORBES

Victim of Racket

THE MOTORIST of today is the victim of a combined racket that puts millions of dollars each year into the coffers of tax-hungry governments, from the municipal level to the federal.

When he buys a car, he pays a direct tax bill of anything from $35 up, not counting all the hidden taxes on the materials that have gone into the making of the car. He buys gas and oil for it, and pays more taxes. He drives through some broken-down municipality and a couple of weeks later he gets a ticket for speeding; he can't afford to go back and argue the case, so he pays the fine with a cheque through the mail. He goes down town and tries to find a place to park; he doesn't notice one of a dozen signs, and he gets a ticket for illegal parking; or he puts some pennies in a meter, over-stays by a minute or two, and gets another ticket.

He pays for the roads he travels, for their building and their upkeep. Then he is penalized at every turn for using those roads. If that isn't a racket, I don't know what is.

Oshawa WILLIAM TURNER

Businessman in Politics

THE EDITORIAL in your April issue, in which you criticized the Hon. George Prudham because the company of which he is president purchased the old CNR station in Edmonton, raises some interesting questions.

If it is necessary for everyone of ministerial rank "so to divest himself from his private interests that there can be no suspicion of his taking advantage of political power to increase his business prosperity," the businessman is pretty well ruled out of politics. For if he cannot own stock, and cannot buy or sell to the government, which directly or indirectly is in business itself so extensively today, he must either be a millionaire with all his money in the bank paying 1½ per cent interest, or a pauper.

Surely the great need today is for more businessmen in parliament. Lawyers infest our parliamentary halls because they can continue to practise until they reach cabinet rank, and when they return to private life can quickly capitalize on their governmental experience by picking up handsome fees. But your businessman is in quite a different position. He must let his business go to pot while he is serving his country and then must start all over again, if by political fortune or his own wish he returns to private life.

I am not sure what the answer is, but I suspect that the present rule which came into practice back in the nineteenth century does not fit today's conditions. In those days there were plenty of independently wealthy men who could afford to cut themselves off completely from their private affairs while they were in government and in those days the government was not itself in business. In our Canadian welfare state the number who can do this is rapidly dwindling and already approaching the zero point . . .

Ottawa JOHN W. DOHERTY

No Alternative

YOUR CRITICISMS of the present Federal Government may be justified, in theory, but you are hardly realistic. What alternative is there? The Conservative party is in the death throes, going the same way that the Liberal party has gone in the United Kingdom. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation has no purpose, no leadership and no following. The Social Credit movement can only hope to succeed if it finds oil in every province—and more than oil from underground, too.

What must be understood is that the Canadian Liberal party has borrowed enough from each of the others to make itself secure and destroy the others . . . It is inevitable that we will have first, one strong party with the opposition only a joke, then a Parliament in which the members will be even more docile than they are now, and finally government by groups of experts who will give their accounting every four years or so and be dutifully voted back into office by a mass-produced electorate.

Halifax JOHN MCDONALD

Mounties' Pensions

IN MY position as the Dominion Secretary-Treasurer of the R.N.W.M. Police Veterans' Assocation, (which is open to all ex-members of the Force regardless of its title during their term of service) I have, during the past six years, had a good deal to do with the efforts of our Association to obtain a revision upwards of the pensions paid to this group. These attempts, which go back a good many years, have been signally unsuccessful.

The answer of the Government, regardless of political complexion, has, each time that we have approached the Minister of Justice, been an unqualified "NO". We have been told that no upward adjustment has ever been allowed to pensioners in any other branch of the Civil Service, and that the Mounted Police Pensioners cannot expect preferential treatment, as any such decision would involve the revision of the entire Civil Service Pension system . . .

Mr. James says that — "many 'Mounties' who retired to pension still are expected to live on $75 a month." I feel that I should correct this erroneous impression. The Dominion Government does not expect anything of the kind, and we were reminded, not so very long ago—I quote from a letter in our files—"You will, I think, understand that it is not intended that a pension should provide funds sufficient to totally maintain and support a pensioner and his dependents after retirement from the services."

Calgary G. E. BLAKE

YOUR LETTER from Mr. W. James, Edmonton, re pensions for Mounties, has inspired me to write a word for our aged people: Mounties receive a very much higher pension than our aged do—$75 to $100 as quoted in the letter. How in the name of heaven are our aged citizens expected to "exist" even on $40 a month from the age of 70 on, and if at 65 years of age they have to go through a "means" test, which calls for any odd money they might be able to earn, all being deducted from this $40, or if they *are* able to work for their room and board, this again is deducted from the $40 . . .

London, Ont. J. LIVOCK

Doesn't Do Everything

AS A REGULAR reader of "Lighter Side". . . and an admirer of your style of writing, it was a bit of a shock to me to read in March 28 issue the following "Or the laundry unit that not only performs every known laundry operation automatically, but sings 'How Dry I Am' before turning off the current?"

I did not particularly like having the Westinghouse Automatic Clothes Dryer described as a device that does every laundry operation automatically because we never did claim that for it. It does dry clothes automatically . . . We are manufacturing them every day, and are selling them . . . Dealers will, on request, have them play the tune.

Toronto C. B. PEARCE

The Third Force

UNDER THE caption "This odd third force," about seven lines is used to report a proposal of Aneurin Bevan to break the present deadlock between East and West. Then, in four paragraphs the idea is ripped apart using two illustrations of doubtful relevancy.

To label Bevan a demagogue strikes me as untrue. After reading part of his book "In Place of Fear," whether one agrees or not with his thesis, one cannot doubt his sincerity or his ability to stimulate thought.

Neither should the opinion of Prime Minister Nehru be sold short. His speeches and comment give the impression of a man of insight and a good deal ahead of his generation . . .

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Uses and Abuses of Universities

By ARTHUR LOWER

HIGHER EDUCATION in English Canada began in the struggle between the privileged classes, dubbed "family compacts", and the rest of the population. In all the provinces, these privileged classes were mostly Anglican and they shared the English views about the privileges of a ruling class, which included the privileges of an education.

The assertion of privilege provoked the assertion of counter-privilege, with the consequence that in the two key provinces of Upper Canada and Nova Scotia, our higher education soon reflected the aspirations of the principal social groups and religious denominations. The struggle over a university in Upper Canada resulted in independent action by Methodists (Victoria), Presbyterians (Queen's), and Anglicans (Trinity). It was left to the province to set up the great neutral institution, the so-called "godless" University of Toronto.

It is only as the different strands in English Canadian life have become twisted together, a process as yet by no means complete, that institutions of higher learning have passed from the sectarian plane to the national. In Ontario, Queen's University is a good example of this: formerly a Presbyterian institution, it is now far more than merely "non-denominational"; without any group affiliations at all, it is simply Canadian.

The younger provinces, inheriting a more unified way of life than the older could possess, have not been as much plagued with disruptive disputes, either politically or educationally—though the sad history of university education in one of them, Manitoba, indicates that they have not escaped them.

The major influence in our English Canadian universities is English, the second Scottish and the third American, especially in more recent decades. Canadian racial introversion has been too tough for European influences to penetrate on any scale. American influence follows peculiar channels, for it has only to be recognized to be objected to—and accepted! In theory, the majority of university men are probably against what they consider American influence; in practice, the demands of the day are so similar in both countries that American influence, expelled at the door, comes in at the window. That, however, does not mean mere imitation.

The major explanation for English influence lies, I think, in the notions of what constitute "culture." Even during my own undergraduate days, native values still tended to be neglected, if not repudiated: we were backwoodsmen and we knew it. We knew that the shining centres of culture, the great world, lay abroad. While it is probably overstatement to say that the objective in those days was to make undergraduates into English gentlemen, it is not a high degree of overstatement. In my youth higher education did not seem to be conceived of as primarily for Canadian youth, for youth who would have to live in a rude country in the making and who would have a good deal to do with that making.

Higher education in Canada, as I have suggested, was at first regarded as the privilege of a class. When this view failed, it was replaced by the view that higher education should take raw youths and make them fit for entrance into a class—the class of gentlemen. Today, the cult of the gentleman, so admirable in many aspects, has in its turn disappeared. It has disappeared because of the needs of the Canadian community and the response of the colleges to those needs. A new country requires people who will take off their coats and go to work. It calls for *building*—building houses not made with hands, of course, as well as physical houses. The last type it can do with is the beau, the dandy, the dilettante. The ideal of the gentleman has far more in it than such qualities, but it contains a dash of them, and in a new country they seem especially conspicuous. Consequently "the gentleman", with his suggestion of a distant culture, a wider, richer, more sophisticated world, as society becomes native, has to go, to be replaced by a more work-a-day type, closer to local conditions.

The *Queen's Quarterly*, now the oldest of our university quarterlies, was established in 1893. During its first ten years or so, it was a colonial periodical, edited, one would think, by exiles for exiles. When men like the late Dr. Adam Shortt took hold of it, it changed its nature and began to reflect Canadian life. In my own (somewhat later) undergraduate days at Toronto, although a student in history, I had no work in Canadian history.

I remember being told by a distinguished professor of mine that he was practically the first "native" to be appointed in Toronto: that was in the 1880's. He said that in his early days, his colleagues used to take the first boat "home" in the spring, gather a cargo of "culture" in the summer and return on the last before term opened in the fall. Universities have only slowly ceased to be alien institutions on Canadian soil—a stage that was got over in New England about 250 years ago.

Many a person would say that the results of yielding to native demands have been anything but desirable. That depends on the demands. These may be divided into two classes, those that come from persons seeking what they believe to be the good of the community; and those which simply represent popular desire.

The most conspicuous aspect of popular desire in education is the pressure for equality. Equality is often confounded with democracy, but no democracy is worth much which does not in some way qualify "equality". Equality may easily become the negation of democracy and of freedom. Provost Seeley has lately been warning us of the dangers of mediocrity: the surest way to achieve mediocrity is through insisting that everyone is equal in every way to everyone else.

As those excellent political philosophers, Gilbert and Sullivan, neatly put it, "When everyone is someone, then no one's anybody". If we're all on top, equal, then nobody is on the bottom, and then, in the next stage, evil people are on top, and most of us are on the bottom. It is a harsh doctrine, but one well recognized in the mother country of free institutions, England, that society will remain free as long only as it freely admitted that nature has made us, not equal, but most unequal.

The demand for equality has expressed itself in Canadian education in many ways, good and bad. Shortly after Confederation, the portals were stormed by the ladies; coeducation came in. I say nothing about that, except to point out in passing that: (a) in the English-speaking world, it is only the eastern American universities and colleges, such as Harvard and Princeton, which are still lonely, uncoeducational institutions (and Harvard is crumbling); (b) that if higher education were really to be taken seriously on this continent, many of the ladies would flee in terror from the universities. If this be treason, make the most of it!

More important is the notion, widespread throughout North America, that college doors should be open to practically everyone. Luckily for us in Canada, this notion has been more or less kept under control here. In parts of the United States, it seems to be the view that any young person has the right, without regard to abilities, to go to the publicly supported universities.

While entrance requirements have continued fairly respectable in Canada, students who have met them, once in, have had considerable success in getting degrees on their own terms. I am thinking of collective attitudes, of course, not of the efforts of individuals. There are a dozen ways of indirectly breaking the resistance of the authorities. For one thing, no more water can be poured into a pail than it will hold. Then there is the enormous pressure of social activities, which diverts the attention, the energies and the interests of students, especially, I dare say, of a given half of them. And each autumn brings the gladiatorial ritual of the football season, when instruction takes a back seat.

It is all very well to suggest being strict. Strict with young people of 18 to 22? In study, as elsewhere, government ultimately rests on the consent of the governed.

Even so, I would not wish to suggest that popular pressure for admittance has demoralized our higher education. We manage to get rid of the duds! And students eventually recover from their football orgies so that before spring, anyway, they are once more back at work. The number of mere playboys, the gilded youth type, in Canadian universities is fairly low; we have not enough gilt!

A WORSE danger than the playboy lies in the relatively low calibre of the average. This comes out, as recent disclosures indicate, in such elementary matters as spelling and writing simple English. It is still more in evidence when it comes to information, a critical sense and general mental alertness.

How is low average calibre, the most serious of all disabilities, to be remedied? I do not know. Part of it is just nature—you can't make a silk purse, etc. Part of it is poor previous training, and a great deal of it rests

Students have considerable success in getting degrees.

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on that cultural vacuum, the average Canadian home, on the lack of a stirring intelligence among the Canadian people, and on a considerable hostility toward those of them who have that kind of intelligence.

On the average, we Canadians seem afraid of able men, especially of highly educated, able men; they are too different from ourselves. We like our people to be comfortably ordinary. Our students are only a section of our society, as are our universities. The university level of culture and mental alertness is, therefore, not alarmingly high.

There is another type of pressure from society which every public institution must properly feel and without which it would soon run down. This is the pressure of those who wish to steer public institutions into this direction or that, and for what they believe is the good of the public. The old days, when universities gave a somewhat unrealistic training in remote subjects and to the few, have been ended by this type of pressure, which naturally provokes much difference of opinion. A society such as ours, with its strong emphasis on the practical, first of all demands that an education be "useful".

No one can object to the test of utility; the question is, long-range or short-range utility? Shall a bright young woman, who has just completed her education, go off and get married and not "use" her education? Plenty of people would still say she should not; others, more far-seeing and now, I believe, in the majority, would say that as a married woman, she is in a highly strategic place for "using" her education.

Shall our education turn out practical people who can use tools, cut out an appendix, plan an advertising campaign? Some would say yes. The pressure to cut down on the more academic subjects and substitute the more immediately useable is always strong—students now want to get into university on the strength of courses in "shop work".

We in Canada resist such demands fairly well. In certain American universities, I believe, one can qualify for the BA by taking courses in basketball coaching. Here we do not go quite that far, though I have found myself sitting around the same table with professors of poultry and needlework.

"Plan the costume suitable for a grey-haired, blue-eyed woman of 45", was a question appearing on the final examinations in a certain university in which I taught. Useful planning, no doubt. But should not the planners be in some school of design and not in a university, which is still supposed to be mainly concerned with the outer ranges of thought and not with grey-haired, blue-eyed women's get-ups?

Here at Queen's, I am glad to say, when it comes to a choice between philosophy and needle work, we stick to philosophy.

Philosophy as a compulsory subject—it is compulsory with us—no doubt makes miserable the conscripts who have to study it, but then they are not compelled to come to the University, or, if they come, they may enter the technical or applied science faculties, where they will not encounter it. But neither will they encounter needlework there.

Higher education, like everything else in this competitive world, must meet stringent tests of usefulness; so much we can grant. But we must draw a distinction between "stringent" and "narrow". Narrow concepts of usefulness do not produce genuinely educated people. There is no reason why they cannot produce useful people, but that is another question. Narrow concepts of usefulness proceed from the drive for the efficient society, the society "on its toes", girding itself against its enemies within and without. If our energies are to be consumed in the fight against the enemy, what remains over for making ourselves better human beings, for building what we call "civilization"?

Perhaps not a great deal. Possibly the attempt to build a society with high cultural standards must be given over. As our standard of living, propelled from its rear by the age's innumerable devices for mechanical impetus, goes "higher and higher", possibly our civilization must go lower and lower. It is the duty of the educated man to prevent this, but possibly he is fighting a losing battle. The fault is partly his own. Higher education has never succeeded in freeing itself from a certain fuzziness of aim.

If we want the "useful" reason for knowledge, however remote, it is easily given. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free". Our free society rests on free inquiry.

The university today, as always, has as its chief duty this custodianship of knowledge, its encouragement in every direction in which it seems pertinent to the scholar to extend it. If it fails in this primary duty, it fails its society.

I do not know of any more direct route to failure than yielding to the demands of the moment. Certain kinds of knowledge become outmoded, it is true—astrology, for instance—but they lose their appeal and so take themselves off the list. But that is different from bending everything to the immediately practical.

I would go further than most in adapting our University requirements to our Canadian scene, but I recognize that our Canadian scene is only part of our human experience and that, along with my colleagues, I am responsible for transmitting as much of that experience as I can to succeeding generations, as an inheritance to which, before I pass it along to them, I must add my quota.

Hence, against the philistine who would sweep away that inheritance in favor of what he thinks is directly "useful", I shall fight for the apparently useless. Long live useless knowledge! It is the treasure that thieves cannot break into and steal. My mind to me a kingdom is, so if students continue to sit in my lecture room, they will have to submit to having their minds buffetted in the waves of discussion and enlarged on all the topics that my wits allow me to present to them. In other words, ladies and gentlemen, I am an high-brow of the high-brows and devoutly do I hope that our Canadian universities will continue to be built around my kind.

The Social Scene

Benevolence or Bust?

ONE AUGUST day in 1939 a young man named John T. Nicolle disappeared from his usual haunts in Regina, Sask. He left a letter behind indicating that he feared for his life at the hands of his employer, Albert H. White, and his employer's crony, a Dr. Charles Cox. Also included in the letter was well-documented evidence proving that White and Cox had embezzled between $30 and $40 thousand from the Saskatchewan Canteen Fund, of which they were trustees. When the Crown Prosecutor made haste to question the pair about Nicolle's disappearance, and the disappearance of the money, he found he was a little late. Dr. Cox had died suddenly in a hunting "accident", and Albert White had committed suicide by swallowing poison.

This affair, while spectacular, was only the finale to a long list of overt acts, accusations and charges of criminal maladministration which had plagued the Canteen Funds since 1918. First World War funds were divided between the provinces (using as a yardstick a complicated system based on provincial enlistments, discharges and pensions), and were administered by committees or trustees appointed by the various provinces.

The Canteen Fund represented Canada's share of a joint sum, held in trust by the British Government, covering the profits from all the canteens, etc., shared in by the British Commonwealth forces during World War I. The total amount was about $40 million, and of this Canada received $2,296,936. This sum, less $120,000 for administrative expenses, etc., was set aside by the Canadian Government while the politicians, veterans' groups, and almost everybody else in the country wrangled and fought over its eventual distribution. For five years this bickering went on, in veterans' halls, in the House of Commons, in the Senate, and on the street.

The big holdup was that nobody could agree on what to do with the money. Some individuals and groups wanted to use it for the education of the veterans, others wanted to disburse it as a war bonus, others wanted to build clubhouses or war memorials, while some wanted it to be set aside for the care of needy and indigent veterans. Finally, the Government decided on the latter course and divided it among the provinces, which were then to administer and distribute it themselves.

This set off a new series of squabbles. Many veterans and civilians alike claimed that the Fund had been used to line the pockets of incompetent political appointees, invested in worthless or borderline stocks and bonds, or appropriated under false pretences as salaries and expenses by retired Colonel Blimps who weren't capable of administering a lending library.

Stealing from the fund was too easy a proposition to be overlooked by any but the most saintly trustee. White and Cox had embezzled from it by making out false applications for gifts and loans, signing them with borrowed or fictitious names, approving them at trustee meetings (there was another trustee, not implicated in the swindle), issuing cheques to the unknowing or non-existing recipients, and cashing them themselves. In some way Nicolle, who worked as a bookkeeper in White's private employ, had discovered this, and had been blackmailing them for years.

Nicolle was never located, but in the false bottom of a drawer in his room lay enough evidence to prove his charges. The Saskatchewan Government replaced $38,960 stolen by White and Cox before, fortunately for both the Government and everyone else concerned, World War II came along and put an end to the affair.

Another generation of young men went off to war, many of them convinced that veterans always received the short end of the stick. Remembering their fathers' vain efforts to get help from the Canteen Fund, they believed that such monies were the natural plunder of top brass birds of prey, and they dismissed their share of it with a shrug, there and then. They were a more blasé generation than the one before, and they carried with them from the Great Depression a cynical attitude toward all officialdom and bureaucracy.

While they were overseas, they paid little attention to postwar problems, their main thoughts being on getting home in one piece; they had little time to worry about such things as Canteen Funds then. As soon as the war ended, however, they began to think of the millions of dollars they had spent for beer and NAAFI buns during the past six years. Profits from these side eddies of the military life had piled up in a thousand canteens and service centres from North Africa to Newfoundland, and from Camp Borden to Berlin.

SOME units and ships' companies tried to spend their canteen profits before they disbanded, convinced this was the only way they could expect to see their money again. This resulted in several memorable binges, but made hardly a dint at all in the main Funds, which by this time were safely out of reach of both pilferers and party-throwers.

The Government after World War II did not make the same errors as its First War predecessor. Long before the end of the war, and even before we began to emerge as the winning side, legislation was passed to control and disburse the servicemen's and women's funds. This time there was no passing on of administration to the provincial governments, and the money was not lumped in one pot and then subdivided provincially by any arbitrary measures. An Act of Parliament left each of the three services, Navy, Army and Air Force, in charge of its own canteen funds. Under Section II of the Companies Act, three corporations were set up: the Canadian Naval Service Benevolent Trust Fund, Army Benevolent Fund, and Royal Canadian Air Force Benevolent Fund.

The Naval Benevolent Fund was established on Nov. 23, 1942, using as its initial capital $17,562 of undistributed prize money from the First World War. The Royal Canadian Air Force Benevolent Fund was incorporated April 1, 1944, and the Army Benevolent Fund came into being on July 17, 1947. The money in these funds comes, primarily, from such sources as canteens, officers' and NCO's messes, entertainments put on by the troops, and as the share from the Commonwealth prize money pool.

AT THE present time, the sums held by the three Funds total more than $15 million, and are divided, roughly, into 2½ million for the Navy, nearly $9 million for the Army, and over $3½ million for the Air Force. Most of the money is invested in Dominion of Canada bonds. It is held in trust by the Receiver-General of Canada and, with slight exceptions depending on the circumstances, may be drawn only through Government Treasury officers in the various centres where Fund committees are set up. Each Fund is audited regularly by the Auditor-General's office, and the money is protected by as many safeguards as that in the Federal Mint.

The administration of the three Funds has been singularly free from criticism, and there has been none of the wild speculation with the money that featured the freewheeling provincial committees of the Canteen Fund.

Although the principal capital of all the Funds is pretty well intact, the Army Benevolent Fund spends some $400,000 a year in constructive awards of financial assistance; the Naval Fund has expended over $700,000 since its inception; and the Air Force has lent or given in grants nearly $3 million since 1944. Of the latter sum well over $1 million has been repaid.

Strangely enough, each Fund has been forced to go to great lengths to publicize the fact that the money is there for those who are in need of it. Signs have been posted in all service establishments, regimental messes, Department of Veterans' Affairs offices and veterans' clubs, and still the number of applications has been lower than was expected when the war ended. This is probably due to Canada's prosperity, but it is also the first time in history that free loans have had to be publicized so much.

Since its inception, the Army Benevolent Fund has assisted 8,800 veterans and their families. These needy veterans applied for help through the

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various regional offices of the Fund, through DVA, Unemployment Insurance Commission offices, Veterans' Land Act councillors, veterans' organizations, and various social welfare agencies. In the main, these veterans belong to a group which earns a marginal income of $160 to $170 a month, although not all, by any means, of the applicants belong this far down on the salary scale.

In a great many applications there is an element of mismanagement or bad judgment on the part of the applicant. The Fund establishes a rough assessment of how much of the distress may be blamed on the applicant, and how much may be blamed on factors over which he has no control.

The Air Force Benevolent Fund has found that 52 per cent of its grants or loans are made to veterans who are faced with emergencies or hardships due to sickness, accident or death in their families, with unemployment accounting for only 16 per cent of the total loaned. The Naval Benevolent Fund has also found that the biggest contributing factor among its applicants is medical and hospital bills.

The Army Benevolent Fund decided in 1952 against the adoption of a loan procedure. In the vast majority of cases there is no surplus income which permits repayment. This attitude has also been taken by the other two Funds, but in a modified form.

Besides the cash grants made to applicants, the Funds also have a debt adjustment service, through which they endeavor to reduce the applicant's debts. During 1952 the Army Benevolent Fund successfully reduced the debts of many needy veterans by $154,127. In this, Fund officials received the cooperation of the Canadian Medical Association, the Canadian Dental Association, and the larger loan institutions.

Those seeking assistance from the three Funds run the gamut of disaster from the loss of a home through fire to being pauperized by funeral expenses. An unemployed Naval veteran, who is not entitled to Unemployment Insurance, has a wife and child hospitalized; an RCAF veteran is buying a house with his $200 a month salary, and bringing up four children to boot, when his wife is suddenly stricken and has to be rushed to a city hospital for specialized treatment; the widow of an Army veteran who died after the war is left destitute and greatly in debt.

Whether the emergency is a needed operation for a blue baby or a moratorium on a mortgage, the Benevolent Funds have helped to bridge the rough spots in Civvy Street for Canada's veterans.

Benevolence, like charity, begins at home, but not among those who are elected or appointed to administer a trust held for millions of their fellows. All forward steps in the field of human and social relations are marked by an enveloping silence. The lack of sound and fury surrounding the Benevolent Funds seems to indicate that we have advanced considerably since the Canteen Fund jackpot following World War I. In this case the silence is golden—$15 million worth.

HUGH GARNER

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The bass takes his family responsibilities seriously. After finding a secluded spot near shore, he carefully builds a nest. Without rest, he guards his fry and ferociously fights away all intruders. But when he loses a battle, his family is easy prey for their enemies.

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Letter from London

Royal Occasions, Plays and Players

UNLESS YOU have lived in London it is difficult to realize the extraordinary degree to which Queen Mary mingled with the lives of the people. I once encountered her, for example, prowling round a little antique shop in Chelsea, having graciously but firmly dismissed the assistant with the words: "Thank you, but I like to look for myself." She was wearing one of her celebrated hats—a toque of mauve Parma violets. She bought a Chelsea china bird for £8 and a Sheraton box for £3-10-0, paid cash, and carried the parcel to the car herself.

We all seem to have our personal memories of her, and by "we" I don't mean people in Court circles. Here is my own.

I have a brother who is an invalid, and his great pride and joy is a magnificent deep red rose—Etoile de Hollande—that clambers up to the roof of his cottage. The rose used to be at the height of its beauty in the week of Queen Mary's birthday, so he wrote to Lady Cynthia Colville, asking if he might give her a bunch. (Lady Cynthia was one of the Women of the Bedchamber, an ancient and honorable title, whose members were among the Queen's closest friends. The *Ladies* of the Bedchamber only attended her on formal occasions.) "Yes, indeed," replied Lady Cynthia, so on the great day my brother got up at dawn, picked the roses, and sped up to London to leave them at Marlborough House.

Three days later, Lady Cynthia wrote a polite letter of acknowledgement. But—and this is the point—there was a postscript to the letter. It was in the Queen's own handwriting, and it said . . . *"They scent the whole room! Mary R."* Five simple words, but perhaps you can imagine what they meant to a sick man, who had made his little gesture of loyalty. *"They scent the whole room."* Well . . . she lent something of the fragrance of her spirit to a whole nation.

The love which we bore for her was shown in the astonishing variety of wreaths which were brought down to her final resting place at Windsor Castle. I went to see them on the following day. They lay under the grim, grey walls of the ancient building like a colored carpet spread at the feet of a giant. There were magnificent "set pieces" like the huge wreath of white tulips and orchids from the Emperor of Japan, but there were also tiny posies like a bunch of crocuses, tied with black ribbon, and bearing the label "To the sweetest lady in the whole world from our Grace, of Fulham."

Queen Mary died a very rich woman. Whether it is true, as some newspapers have suggested, that she left £4 million, we shall never know. Royal fortunes are—quite rightly—hidden in obscurity. What is certain is that she was considerably more than a millionairess.

It is to be hoped that some legacy from this fortune may have been left to the Duchess of Kent. This radiant and gracious woman, for technical reasons which nobody seems to understand, receives no allowance from the State, although she works as hard as any member of the Royal Family. Through the death of her husband, who was killed on active service, she receives the ordinary small pension of an officer's widow. She also has a modest income from investments. But it is not enough to run to a flat in London. Nor to employ an adequate staff for the large gardens at her country home. We all love our Duchess, and she gave the whole country a thrill when she set off to Malaya, and went through the most dangerous parts of the jungle, looking invariably as cool and elegant and enchanting as though she were at a dress show. It is unjust—to put it mildly—that so gallant and beautiful a lady should have to bother about ways and means.

THE MOST successful new play in London—one must sometimes be didactic—is *Escapade*, by a comparatively unknown dramatist, Robert MacDougall. Every seat sold for weeks ahead, and queues stretching fifty yards into the Strand. I don't wonder. It gives you one of the most exciting evenings you ever spent. And yet the story, told in cold blood, sounds unpromising. The central figure is a pacifist author, whose small sons decide to take him seriously. They organize a crusade to save the world. "All that you grown-ups ever do is to sign pieces of paper," they tell him. "That won't stop war. We're going to *do* something about it." What they do is to write a manifesto to the world, steal an aeroplane, and crash in the Alps.

Not your cup of tea, you may think? You would be wrong. It is everybody's cup of tea — even Noel Coward's. We met during each interval, and he rhapsodized about the play over a series of gin and tonics. Noel was at the top of his form.

"I'm going to be rather busy for the Coronation," he said. "To begin with, I'm playing the lead in Shaw's *The Apple Cart*. It's got some of the longest speeches ever written. One of my own speeches plays precisely eleven minutes, taken at top speed." He added, with a charming touch of malice: "When X——— played the part, it took him twenty-two minutes, and sounded like thirty."

As though this were not enough, Noel is giving a one-man show at the Cafe de Paris, beginning soon after midnight. £1,000 a week, so they say —which means, of course, a thousand sixpences, if that. Still, it looks very nice on paper, and it certainly seems to pay the management, judging by the crowds that throng the balconies.

His most popular song, by the way, is a satirical number aimed at the professional pessimist. It is called *Bad Times are just around the Corner*.

Last night I dined with a very old friend of mine, Oliver Messel, to see what he was up to for the Coronation. At the risk of sounding didactic once again, I would suggest that Oliver is the greatest stage designer in Europe —an opinion that was shared by the late Sir Charles Cochran.

Oliver—who still looks like a small, dark imp of 25, although he is in his fiftieth year—showed me the design which he has made for the Royal Box at Covent Garden for the gala performance of Benjamin Britten's new opera on June 10. It is quite exquisite, as gay and glittering as a jewel box, with fabrics of such entrancing beauty that I won't attempt to describe them. It will make a perfect setting for the Queen's fresh beauty.

THERE is one of those tiny details which make London a fascinating place if you only keep your eyes open. Outside the entrance to Covent Garden lies Bow Street Police Station. Now as a rule, every London police station has blue lights outside it, to make it easy to identify. But Bow Street has no blue lights. Why? Because Queen Victoria thought them depressing! She often attended the opera with Prince Albert—their two very Victorian chairs still stand in the Royal Box—and one day she remarked that the blue lights made it very difficult to create a festive mood. So they were promptly removed, and have never been replaced.

Writing of Covent Garden brings to mind Nell Gwynne, who is once again in the news. (That girl certainly had a brilliant flair for publicity!) In the first of these letters, I mentioned that my London home is in Chelsea, which is as rich in history as a Chelsea bun is rich in currants. (Or rather, *used* to be, for nowadays a Chelsea bun is only a pale shadow of its former self.)

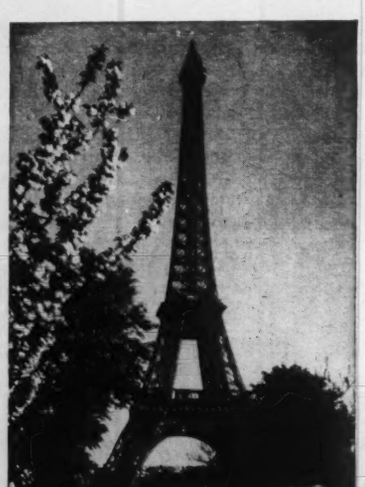
Well, for centuries Nell Gwynne has been given the credit for persuading Charles II to build the Royal Hospital in the King's Road—which lies at the bottom of my street. (Charles laid the foundation stone of this exquisite building on a stormy morning in March, 1681.) A very pretty story it was—the laughing trollop with the heart of gold, wheedling the gay monarch into this act of charity; a story that lingers to this day—for the old Chelsea Pensioners, in their long scarlet coats, plentifully bemedalled, are among the most picturesque sights in London.

But alas, it is all quite untrue. Exhaustive research into the relevant documents has now proved that Nell Gwynne had no part or parcel in the scheme.

THE GREAT day draws near, and London broods with a sense of expectancy. The lampposts have blossomed into mauves and greens and yellows. The finishing touches have been put to the vast banks of stands that line the route. Late at night they look rather uncanny in their emptiness. By the time these words are printed, the statue of Eros in Piccadilly will be enclosed in a vast sort of glittering birdcage, to prevent revellers from climbing up him.

And the frenzy of competition for seats inside the Abbey continues. One multi-millionaire from South America has offered as much as £5,000 to anybody who can get him "inside". I need hardly say that there are no sellers. Britain, thank God, is still a country where some things are not for sale.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS



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Music

Lili Kraus and Mozart

It is said of Los Angeles, first, that it is 99 suburbs in search of a city, and second, that it is box-office poison.

Certainly it sprawls over an immense area; the traveller along a deserted mountain highway may find a sign reading "Los Angeles City Limits," and still have ample time to perish from thirst or hunger before he reaches the Southern California equivalent of urban civilization, which is rows of country houses cemented together with drive-in hamburger joints, brilliantly modern department stores, and a great deal of parking space, all vitalized by the red-blooded young god, Neon.

So much is plainly visible. The Los Angeles propensity for staying away from live entertainment is certainly not so plain, though it is widely spoken of. I will say this, however; the turnout for the recent Los Angeles recital by Lili Kraus would have been a credit to a city the size of Kamloops, at most. If this be generalizing from a single instance, make the most of it!

Possibly I feel this point particularly keenly, because I, in company with a great many Canadians, know Lili Kraus very well by her records. Her recordings of Mozart are unequalled; particularly the great *C minor Fantasia,* and *C minor Sonata.* She has also recorded a number of Mozart piano concertos, and the recordings of Mozart violin sonatas, made with Simon Goldberg under the white label of the Mozart Violin Sonata Society, are certainly among the most remarkable pieces of chamber music you will find on records.

To judge from the number of really successful performances of his music, Mozart must be the most difficult of all composers. The essence of classical art consists, after all, in the relatively elaborate arrangement of relatively simple units, just as a great palace is built of little bricks. But this means that the performer must develop the same extensive concentration that the composer himself developed; extensive in the sense that the whole attention must, at all times, bear upon the whole work. To know the detail is sufficiently hard, but to know the end in the beginning, to know one's exact whereabouts on a preordained path, and to make it clear to the audience: this is the essence of classical performance. Insofar as Lili Kraus is the leading performer of Mozart (the leading composer in this sort), we must take her as the leading exponent of this particular aspect of classical art. There are others, but in this one, she does not have a peer.

However, I must go on to say that the record of hers which has consistently given me most delight is the little encore piece on the odd side of a Schubert sonata in A minor, which by the way, she played the other evening. Splendid as it is, it does not really move forward. It is full of force, but it is all centrifugal force: revolving about a centre, and tending to make the fabric fly apart. But the odd side of the recording we own, is taken up with a set of Schubert waltzes. They are necessarily small, and slight; the difficulties of extensive concentration so prominent in Mozart seem to be lacking, but every time I hear them, they shine with a quiet pathetic radiance lit up by that irony that is the vital flame of the Schubert *Lied.*

It is inexcusably coarsening the effect to say that all this is done by a certain freedom of rhythm in performance; though, of course, that is what is happening. The result is the important thing, and the result is that this succession of waltzes becomes a string of jewels. Each phrase is made the most of, not as a tune (though they are beautiful tunes), but as a musical thought, an expression of emotion. The result is that we hear, not a procession of tunes for dancing, but the gently ironic soliloquy of a great artist, made kind by grief.

Of all records, this one side is my favorite, and, if you know it, I believe you will think with reason. Since a great deal of the beauty of the result is in this case due to the performer, you can imagine how pleased I was to hear Lili Kraus in person.

These great occasions are sometimes disappointing, of course. You find that the singer whom you have admired on records has lost his voice years ago, and only his shell stands before you; or that the mannerisms of the great violinist destroy the effect of his music. I must say I found no such disappointment in the Kraus concert. There were disappointments, but they had nothing to do with her. She played the Schubert sonata that I have mentioned, and also the Waldstein sonata of Beethoven, and played them as one would expect of her. She also played a Mozart violin sonata with a young lady from Los Angeles, Eudice Shapiro, and this, too, was excellent on the part of both performers.

The rest of the concert was made up with what seemed to be a Handel flute sonata transcribed for horn, by Joseph Eger, who also played, and a Schubert song for soprano, horn, and piano. The soprano, unhappily, had a mediocre voice, though she seemed a trustworthy musician. Mr. Eger's performance on the horn was a good deal more than satisfactory, but to my ear the horn cannot be made to blend with the piano. In the Handel, this was particularly obvious, and made the whole thing something of a spectacular and well-executed waste of time.

But to all this, there is a moral. We

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like to think of ourselves in Canada as being non-supporters of the arts. Some weeks ago Bruce Hutchinson pointed out that nearly all the things Canadians like to think about themselves are not true. Early in the summer, Lili Kraus is coming to Canada, to several of our principal cities, and I have not the smallest doubt that those who admire her remarkable records will turn out to be many more than we few, we happy few, we band of brothers in Los Angeles. There will be no problem there; nor will there be much of a problem getting a turnout to Lois Marshall. The problem will be to get an audience to hear a Miss Marshall (and those who are even now coming after her) before she has made a striking success with Toscanini.

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

Afternoon Tea

Quaint Lady Bawdrey pours, at four,
On occasional afternoons,
Her pale sad eyes gaze vaguely on,
Like a tourist viewing ruins.
The Louis Quatorze and frail Queen Anne
Are set in their proper places,
And the usual guests arrange themselves
With their customary graces.
The conversation cues are caught
From books that clutter up her table,
The frailest phrases fall in place
Like a re-enacted fable.
She gently sighs, and pretends to hear,
Nodding her snow-white head,
While thoughts of Mmes de Staël, de Sévigné,
Are often there instead.
"Dear Mrs. Frake," she softly breathes,
While the winter sunlight fades,
"Do tell me where you contrive to find
Such exquisite pastel shades . . ."
"Professor Hawes," she shyly pleads
To a ghost in a stiff wing collar,
"Tell me about your recent book . . ."
And the old arthritic scholar
Mumbles an unheard word or two
On 17th Century skeptics,
While gurgles of undigested tea
Annoy one or two dyspeptics.
"My dear Louise, I loved so much
Your sketch of Ottawa Society,
What a pity some new members
Seem lacking in propriety . . ."
"Dear Miss Smirt, you must explain for me
What Mr. T. S. Eliot's saying;
When is Myrna's concert,
And what will she be playing?"
The still-born chatter feeds upon
The faded art of conversation,
The calculated lamplight falls
Upon a kind of inner desolation.
She dreams, recalling French salons
She had read of when a girl,
Romantic pictures crowd her mind
In a vague historic whirl.
The aging maids move quietly about
With cakes and scones and things,
Someone reads a gentle poem
And her ardent soul takes wings . . .
"How the beauty of such lines
Can lift one's spirit up . . ."
Her little finger crooks itself
Above the fragile China cup.

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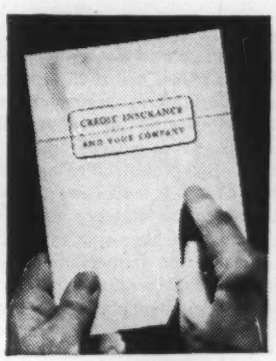

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Ottawa Letter

Competing for the Farm Vote

AFTER THE House of Commons reassembled, a continuance of the debate on the fortunes of Canadian agriculture, which John Diefenbaker had initiated on March 23, delayed a start on the wearisome task of passing the estimates for 1953-54.

Owing to the fact that the numerical unit for rural constituencies has always been kept substantially smaller than the urban, the farmers' vote is still a powerful factor in elections, and evidence of their widespread discontent with the present state of their fortunes has been revealed at some recent meetings of their organizations. They constitute roughly 20 per cent of the total population of Canada and their annual share of the aggregate national income has been averaging about 11 per cent. For this state of affairs, they are naturally disposed to blame the Ministry in power, and so Mr. Diefenbaker and his allies in his own party found the spokesmen of the CCF and the Social Credit parties competing with them in sympathy with the farmers' plight and zeal for remedies, which would earn gratitude in the form of votes.

Mr. Diefenbaker proposed that there should be established a floor price for all the major farm products, based on their costs of production. Citing data which showed that, whereas in 1952 farm prices had fallen 12 per cent below the level of 1951, farm costs had risen 5 per cent, he made a powerful argument for his plan for rescuing the farmers from their present economic squeeze between falling prices and rising costs.

Mr. Coldwell, endorsing this diagnosis of agricultural conditions, giving samples of huge rises in the costs of items in the farmers' budget like taxes and machinery, gave strong support to Mr. Diefenbaker's proposal. He also argued that Mr. Gardiner's claim in a recent speech, that agriculture was fairly prosperous, had been made ridiculous by the admission in the same speech that only 10 per cent of the farmers of Eastern Canada and 15 per cent of their western brethren today had annual incomes which made them liable to income tax. However, Mr. Gardiner claimed that he had not described the farmers as "prosperous", but merely "better off than they had been before"; and he rallied the Liberals to defeat by 74 to 34 the amendment which had the solid support of the parties in opposition.

Fournier Harried

PRIORITY in the estimates was given to the Department of Public Works whose head, Mr. Fournier, is now what Mr. Gladstone used to call "an old parliamentary hand", and often leads the House in the absence of the Prime Minister and Mr. Howe. Since his elevation to the Cabinet, Mr. Fournier has grown steadily in political stature and, if his light shines somewhat dimly in debate, he has become an adroit master of parliamentary tactics.

His popularity with his political opponents makes them usually indisposed to harry him seriously about his estimates, but on this occasion, Mr. Diefenbaker and others bothered him badly by their searching curiosity about the relations of his Department with the Lunam Construction Co., which had been given a number of important government contracts in Saskatchewan. Owing to a bad accident which had befallen its head, Harry Lunam, it had failed to complete three of these contracts but, according to Mr. Fournier, the 10 per cent deposit, which the Government exacts as a surety from all contractors, had given it funds which would suffice to complete the unfinished contracts and leave a small balance over.

Mr. Diefenbaker claimed that the company still owed about $170,000 to various firms, which had supplied it with materials, and that they could secure no redress, because Mr. Lunam had vanished into the blue. But the argument that the Department, before allowing the company to draw all the money due to it, should have satisfied itself that it had met all its obligations to its creditors, left Mr. Fournier unmoved. He saw no reason to depart from the long established practice of his Department to make payments on the receipt of progress reports, fortified by sworn affidavits of the contractor that so much work had been duly performed.

"Are we," asked Mr. Fournier, "to follow him when he goes to a corner store to buy a handful of screws or nails? Oh, no." The item in question was eventually passed, but Mr. Four-

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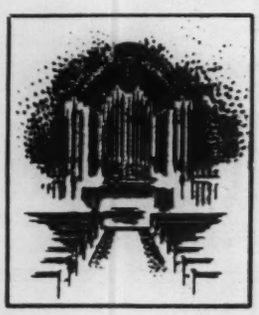

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nier's critics stoutly proclaimed their belief that the procedure of his Department is faulty, and that suppliers for government contracts should have the same protection as is available in a contract with a private firm.

Trap in Wheat?

THE HOPES of the Government that it would have available next fall, as a useful electioneering counter, a satisfactory new international wheat agreement, are still short of realization. At Washington on April 8, the international wheat council decided by a substantial majority to recommend to the member governments that the present agreement, which is due to expire on July 31, should be extended for a further period of three years, with a new price range of $2.05 per bushel (No. 1 Northern) maximum and $1.55 minimum instead of the present range of $1.80 maximum and $1.20 minimum. April 22 was fixed as the deadline for signing the agreement and the contracting governments are given until mid-July to make up their minds whether they will ratify or reject the agreement.

Obviously, the value of the renewed wheat pact will be greatly impaired for Canada, if Britain, her best customer for wheat, does not subscribe to it. The British delegate informed the Council that, while his government desires a renewal of the agreement, it will not commit itself to a higher maximum price than $2 per bushel.

The British, view, which is strongly supported by leftist papers like the *New Statesman*, is that, if the Government of the United States chooses to bolster the prices of farm products by its so-called program of "parity", it is its own business, but there is no valid reason why Britain should contribute to the success of that program by paying a price for wheat which is not justified by the present relation of demand to supply.

It is well known that a substantial element of our prairie grain growers would be content with a lower maximum price than $2.05 but the Government, intelligibly fearful of antagonizing the Eisenhower administration, has continued to march in step with it about the price of wheat. Yet there is an element of danger in its policy. The demand of the exporting countries for a higher price for wheat was based on predictions that the wheat harvest of 1953 in North America would be poor. But the latest estimate of the winter wheat crop of the United States increases by about 100 million bushels the forecast made in December.

If there is no serious curtailment of the world's yield of wheat in 1953, the British may be wise to prefer taking their chance on the open market rather than pay exorbitant prices for wheat and they might be able to fill their needs of Canadian wheat at a price even lower than $1.80 per bushel. In that event, many prairie farmers will curse the Government for tagging along with the United States and not supporting the British request for a lower price; and Liberal candidates on the prairies will have something else to explain away.

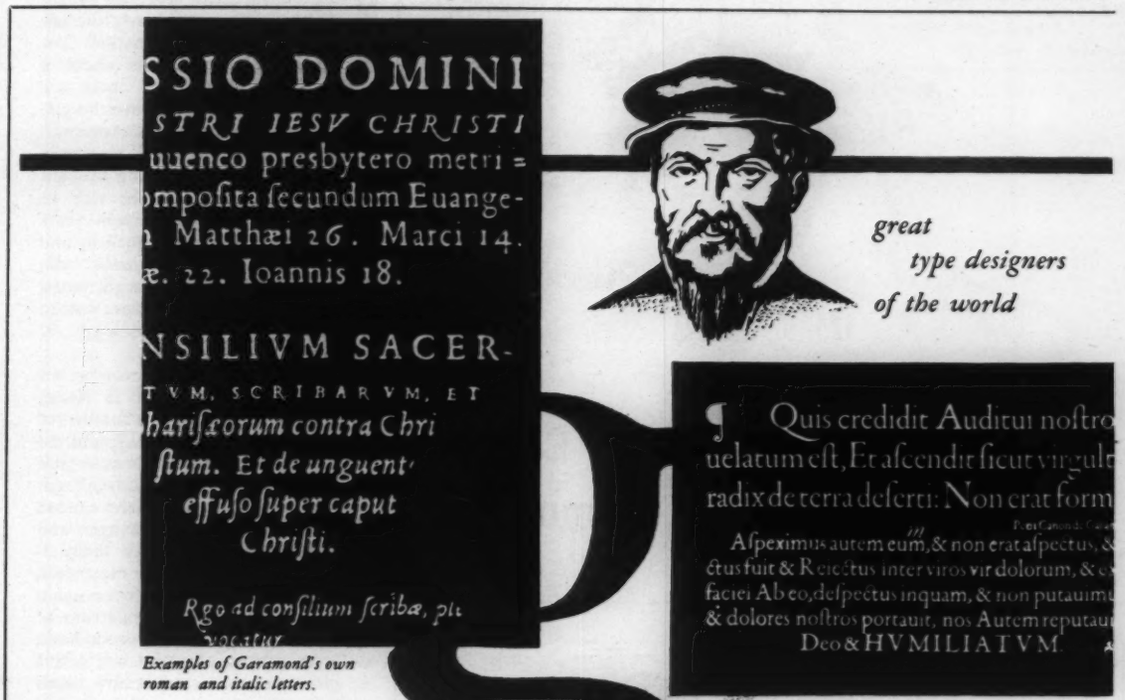
BC Leadership

THE PROVINCIAL Liberals of British Columbia, when they found that Mr. Sinclair, the Minister of Fisheries, would not succumb to their strong pressure to take their leadership, have now entrusted it to another member of the Federal Parliament, Arthur Laing, who has sat for Vancouver South since 1949. Under the circumstances, he was probably their best available choice.

A graduate of the School of Agriculture at the University of British Columbia, he is a man of high character, who enjoys a good reputation in Vancouver and has earned the respect of all parties in the House of Commons. In it he has been a useful backbench supporter of the Government and, if his contributions to debates have been infrequent, they have always been sensible. He is, however, not as colorful a figure as Mr. Sinclair and has less political fire in his belly, and his style of oratory is rather too ponderous to stir the enthusiasm of audiences.

Although a resident of Vancouver, he has, through a boyhood spent in the country and his business activities, a good understanding of agricultural problems. Another asset is that he has always shown considerable independence of the Liberal political machine in British Columbia, which is now in very bad odor. So he may well be able to accomplish some revival of the now badly battered fortunes of his party in the coming election.

JOHN A. STEVENSON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Garamond's greatest contribution to his craft was in creating letters which could be considered as independent units; thus breaking away from the notion that type should be merely an adaptation of hand-written script. His elegant, spirited forms finally freed typography from the Gothic influence which had prevailed since Gutenberg's day.

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Foreign Affairs

Peace Is a Crisis, Too

PEACE is a crisis, too. And by this I don't mean particularly the uncertainty on the stock market. We may make joking remarks about a "peace scare", but surely there are few of us who actually believe the glib leftist saying about North American prosperity being founded on arms production. If arms spending brought wealth, we ought all to be rich as Croesus by now, after thirteen years of it. And so should the British, and the French. And the Germans, who haven't built any arms for eight years, ought to be in a terrible shape, instead of having the show economy of Europe.

The stock market fell a lot harder with the outbreak of war in Korea than it has done with the rumors of peace. It reacts to uncertainty, and the only difference here between us and the Russians is that they haven't got a stock market to reflect the unease which every industrial manager and every official of Mikoyan's internal-external trade department must feel. Real peace would present once again the severe problems of conversion of arms production to goods production; and even a truce of a sort will revive the old argument over just how much military strength to maintain.

But the real crisis I am thinking of is the need for far-reaching political plans and agreements among the free nations of Europe and Asia that will be required to meet a full-scale Soviet peace drive and obtain sound and secure results from it. There is little sign that we are any more ready with such peace plans than we were with our much-talked-of psychological warfare plans for the greatest crisis in the Soviet world during the past quarter-century. Speeches, articles, even books were written about the new Liberation Policy; agencies and committees for psychological warfare set up; the Dulles brothers and Bedell Smith recruited and ready in the right jobs; but no decision was made as to what they were to say or do.

All the hullaballoo about Yalta couldn't even bring forth a Congressional Resolution condemning Soviet enslavement of once-free peoples. And when Stalin died Eisenhower couldn't think of a single thing to say, an inspiring slogan to send out to the peoples who had fallen under Stalin's monstrous tyranny and must now have new hopes of release, or a solemn declaration reaffirming his pledge of last August that the United States would never make a deal with the Kremlin to recognize its conquests.

It is not encouraging. Nor is the first trial balloon sent up by Mr. Dulles on the kind of Far Eastern settlement the U.S. might be willing to accept, after a Korean truce was arranged. His off-the-record talk to a score of the leading Washington columnists and correspondents, about a division of Korea at the narrow waist and UN trusteeship for Formosa, raised such a storm among the Republicans in Congress, not to mention the South Koreans and Chinese Nationalists, that the White House had to repudiate it as not representing U.S. policy at all.

That is just a small sample of the confusion into which the UN members prosecuting the Korean War, and the other free Asian nations, can be thrown by a Communist proposal for a general Far Eastern settlement following on a Korean truce. There could hardly be such a general settlement without recognition of the Peking Government and its admission to the United Nations. Is such a proposal practical politics in the United States at the present time? Certainly not without something better than a UN trusteeship over Formosa. There would at least have to be recognition of Chiang's Government as an independent Chinese republic on Formosa; and that would be difficult to wring out of the Chinese Communists. The Formosa Chinese would have to be allowed to remain in the UN; but the mainland Chinese would have to be given the Security Council seat.

Then there is the question of trade with China, and the relaxation of the restrictions on her imports of strategic materials which have been built up with great pains to check the build-up of her military power. In particular there is the question of Japanese trade with China. Is there any agreed policy on this which would ensure us against a new attack by China, when she is good and ready?

THERE is this question of recognizing a permanent division of Korea, at her "waistline" or elsewhere. Since we are hardly likely to drive further than the waistline, or even to want to go further, with a big and costly new offensive, it is difficult to believe that the enemy would hand us this on our request. And there is a UN Resolution, justifying our war there, which calls for an undivided, independent Korea. Divided or not, Korea will have to be defended. The UN allies will be relieved in large measure of the difficulties of an agreement on who is to do this by the rapid rise of the South Korean Army. But there will be difficult arguments with the enemy on the arms supply of this army and its relations with the United States. There will also be demands that the U.S. cease arming the Indo-Chinese and the Chinese Nationalists, and break off its treaty of mutual defence with Japan and give up its air bases there.

Obviously there can be no question

of giving up such solid military advantages for promises of Communist non-intervention in Indo-China, Malaya, Burma and Formosa. Our watchword in negotiating in the Far East as in Europe must be Acheson's "self-enforcing agreements", meaning agreements which recognize a power position already established and do not depend for their maintenance on mere promises by the enemy. It was to attain such agreements that Acheson urged the building of "positions of strength."

The problems and risks faced by the Western powers if they are called on by the Soviets to negotiate a general European settlement are even greater. This is because Germany is at the heart of a European settlement, just as it has always been at the heart of the cold war. We recognized this at the time of the blockade of Berlin in 1948. We recognize it in our policy of trying to grapple Germany to the West through economic and military union. But do we realize the entirely different situation with which we could be faced by a thorough-going Soviet offer of a reunited, neutralized Germany?

The West German elections, which must be held this summer, would be thrown into confusion. Progress on the European Army would be halted. The Schuman Plan would be debated all over again. We would have to expect the French to be as divided on these matters as the Germans, attracted by the proposal of a neutralized if not a disarmed Germany, just as many Germans would be attracted by the prospect of being "free" from the entangling web which the West has been casting about them.

The Western powers have not been able to agree finally on a policy for integrating a part of Germany into an alliance quite strong enough to take care of her. Can they agree on policy towards a reunited Germany, a Germany which would be strengthened by the addition of the Soviet Zone, while their alliance was weakened by the loss of the Bonn Republic? Are they ready to counter Soviet demands, already indicated by Vishinsky, as part of a general settlement with the West, for the abandonment of the European Army and NATO?

There is much for the West to think about here. But there is no need to overdo the urgency of the situation. Just the exchange of sick prisoners in Korea is consuming several weeks; the conclusion of a truce, granting that the enemy is serious about wanting one, will take several more. As for a Far Eastern Conference to settle all outstanding political questions, its preparation alone would require months, and no overall treaty will be signed this year. It is highly unlikely that we would enter negotiations for a general settlement in Europe while negotiating such a settlement in the Far East. And if the Soviets should urge a European rather than an Asian Conference first, in order to upset the European Army and the German elections, then we have the preliminary of an Austrian Treaty to go through with there.

The Western powers have long insisted that this treaty, dealing with a country which the Soviets are on record as agreeing to treat as a liberated nation and not a conquered enemy, a treaty which has been brought within half a dozen paragraphs of conclusion in 268 meetings, must be the touchstone of Soviet intentions in Europe. If they want to relax the cold war in Europe, they must finish this treaty, so that the four powers can withdraw their relatively small forces from Austria.

While we have much thinking to do among ourselves on the kind of German settlement we would accept, it is fatalistic nonsense to think that all the good cards are held by the Soviets. The Germans fear and hate the Russians. When they have a chance of free elections in the Soviet Zone, they will deal a devastating blow to Communist hopes of preserving a strong nucleus for sabotaging the democratic state. With hundreds of thousands of East Germans, of all classes, voting with their very lives and all their property against the Communist regime by fleeing westward, how do you think the rest will vote, when it only takes a mark on a slip of paper? I wouldn't give the Communists more than five to ten per cent of the vote in East Germany.

Then there is the matter of the hundreds of thousands of German prisoners-of-war still to be accounted for. The Soviets cannot win there. Either they must admit that these men are dead, or send them back, to spread their stories of the true situation in the Soviet paradise outside of the oasis of Moscow. And the Soviets are bound to lose again when negotiations come to the Oder-Neisse frontier with Poland; no real German will ever accept this as final, and the Soviets will insist that it be so accepted.

Also, and a point that may be very important, we will discuss the treaty step by step with the elected West German authorities, and consider their wishes, since they can no longer in fact be treated as a defeated people without a voice, and there is not the least likelihood that the Soviets will do anything like this. We have taken a certain risk in allowing West Germany to recover as she has done, and regain the voice which Adenauer has again given her in Western councils. But there is a better than even chance that it will pay off in these negotiations, which need to be carefully prepared for, rather than feared.

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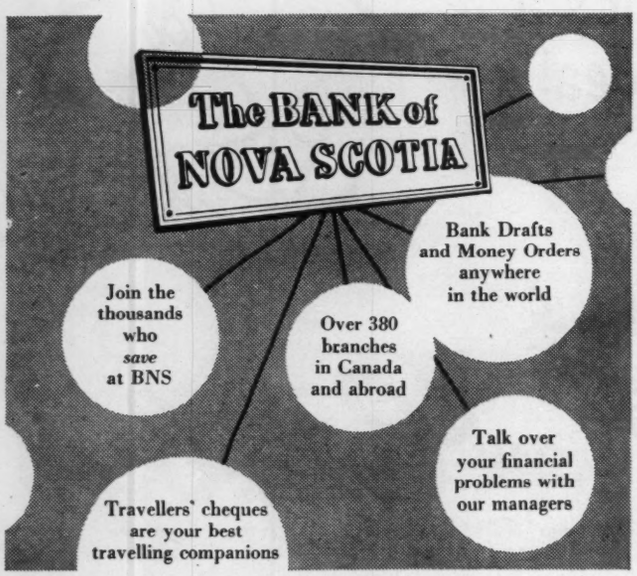
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Films

Rita and the Third Dimension

THE AUDIENCE that turned out to *Bwana Devil,* the first three-dimensional feature length film, couldn't compare in size and expectancy with the crowd lined up for *Salome*. The disparity was great enough, in fact, to suggest that Hollywood's answer to television isn't the three-dimensional film but simply the three-million-dollar spectacle, with Rita Hayworth. Or maybe just Rita Hayworth.

As entertainment, the three-dimensional film is still in a class with the doughnut-making machines that are sometimes displayed in shop windows. The interest it creates is largely mechanical and strictly limited. Mere visual propinquity soon ceases to be a factor. You don't, as 3D sponsors hopefully suggest, "participate in the action" any more than you participate in the progress of the doughnut as it is formed, turned, conveyed, plopped in oil and finally coated with sugar.

It seems quite possible that the exhibitors will tire of the present form of Three D almost as quickly as the audiences; for the minor problems created by polaroid glasses tend to build up into gigantic headaches for the management. However cheap in construction, the glasses run to impressive figures when multiplied by thousands. Many movie-goers, too, regard them as door-prizes to be carried off when the entertainment is over, and to circumvent this the larger part of the staff has to be stationed at the entrances to make sure the equipment is returned.

The glasses must then be disinfected before being re-issued—a precaution the management must take for its own safety as well as for the benefit of the patron. Otherwise it is likely to find itself involved in suits claiming damages for every ailment from pink-eye to pediculosis. Naturally, the movie public isn't likely to take kindly to the notion that it should buy glasses for itself. Isn't it doing its part by staying away from its television set?

It is quite possible, of course, that the technicians will eventually be able to create three-dimensional equipment that will be as universally adaptable as sound equipment is today. Even when this miracle takes place, however, the producer will still be faced by the old tormenting problem: What is this picture to be *about?*

Arch Oboler, who is responsible for *Bwana Devil,* seems to have given this question hardly more than a passing thought before plunging into the third dimension. Producer Oboler obviously figured, as a basic idea, on having a lion that would leap into the audience's lap. The lion suggested Africa, Africa suggested the White Man's Burden and from this point on everything was clear sailing. Plot construction from the Oboler point of view appears to be little more than an exercise in free association.

There are two Bwana Devils, or lions, here, and they are supposed to throw consternation into the native construction gang that is trying to set up a railroad in German East Africa. Although they are rather dispirited looking animals, who would hardly seem likely to attack a catnip mouse, we are asked to believe that one of them climbs into a primitive Pullman and eats up all the passengers, including Nigel Bruce. The rest of the film is quite as silly as this, and the added dimension does little to make it more plausible. It is curiously vague, wavering and subaqueous in effect, and at times the only positive element that comes through is the flash and glitter of Robert Stack's teeth. If the screen expects to meet the challenge of television, it will have to think up something a lot better than this.

SALOME represents a three or four million dollar whitewash job on the notorious step-daughter of wicked King Herod. As presented here, Salome (Rita Hayworth) is a nice, warm-hearted girl whose famous dance before King Herod (Charles Laughton) was intended merely to engage her stepfather's attention while her lover (Stewart Grainger) made arrangements to whisk John the Baptist to a place of safety. The scheme miscarries, John the Baptist's head duly appears on the charger, Salome seeks the consolation of love and religion and in a final sequence, which even Hollywood has rarely equalled for pious bad taste, is shown listening raptly to the Sermon on the Mount. She looks wonderfully beautiful, however, and extremely well-dressed. Her dance is a vaguely Orientalized strip-tease, with final overtones that suggest Ellie May in *Tobacco Road.*

Other notables involved in *Salome* are Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Judith Anderson, and Basil Sydney. The latter is presented as Pontius Pilate and sounds, over long stretches, rather like a luncheon speaker at the Empire Club. The whole thing is rich, vulgar, spectacular and tedious, to an almost unprecedented degree.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Cake layers can easily be cut in half for frosting or filling by using a length of threat with sawing motion.—From a Cookery column in *The Montreal Star.*

We don't think it's feasible.

•

Those who wish to use the swimming pools should bring bathing suits.—*"Important Information" in Cook's Popular Tours.*

Or a diving suit for those who prefer formal attire.

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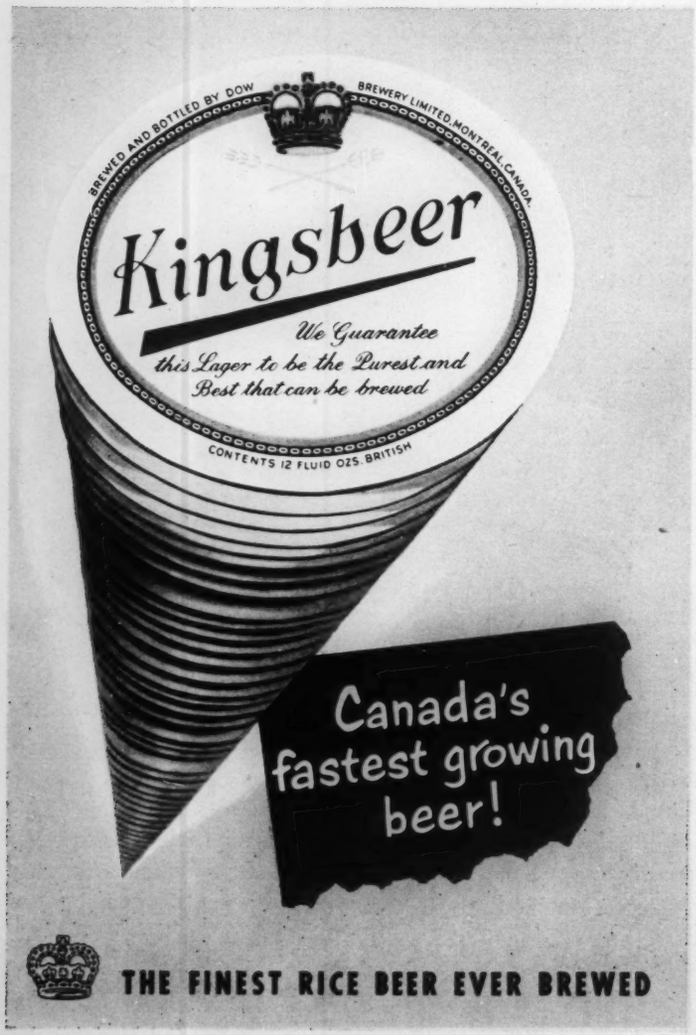
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Books

What Is Wrong With Fiction?

FOR ABOUT four years there has been a slump in the sale of fiction which has disturbed publishers and booksellers; they are too intelligent, however, not to know why this is so, and the cure lies in their hands. The public has been offered too much trash, with assurances that the trash is work of high literary merit, and the public will no longer be hoodwinked. The answer to the fiction slump is better fiction, more honestly presented.

The public has never objected to mediocre fiction, and still has a large appetite for it. The public has always been ready to buy stories written by honest craftsmen, for few of us want or can endure a diet of endless masterpieces. Everyone knows the relaxing pleasure of reading a well-written but unremarkable novel. But the public has grown tired of the assurances of publishers and the more excitable critics that novels are of great artistic importance which are, in fact, vulgarly sensational, ill-written and intellectually commonplace. The struggle to make every third novel a best-seller is killing the market for fiction.

There must always be a degree of injustice in making one example stand for a whole class of bad work, but *Prince Bart*, by Jay Richard Kennedy, contains in striking measure so many of the faults of the modern highly commercialized novel that it presents an irresistible target. It is the story of Bart Blaine, a movie star, born Bartholomew Brykcinski of a Polish immigrant family, who becomes the idol of millions of fans through a mingling of great good luck and some slight talent. Bart gets little satisfaction from his success because, deep in his heart, he smarts under the low opinion which his father expressed of him when he was a boy, and he yearns to show the old man that he is a better man than he.

Sexual success is of utmost importance to him, and his infidelities drive his wife to attempt suicide. Bart himself has a heart attack, and as his film success has been in "tough guy" roles this could mean his ruin. Therefore he makes a series of personal appearances, in which he fights for two rounds with a former boxing champion, and this reassures his public. But what is for him the ultimate shame and deprivation overtakes him; he becomes impotent, and after a humiliating series of failures with women he plays an exhausting tennis match, and dies of heart failure.

This is a good plot and in the hands of a writer with a sense of proportion and a sense of style it could have made a good novel. But it has been spoiled by several of the mistakes of modern fiction — modern American fiction in particular—and an examination of these is interesting.

First, the book is one-third too long. We do not want 440 pages of Bart Blaine as Mr. Kennedy conceives of him. The only excuse for long books is that the writer needs an unusual amount of space to tell his story in the best way. And only from writers of unusual quality are novels of unusual length endurable. Fully a third of what Mr. Kennedy has written could have been cut with advantage to his book.

Next, the writer is a man of sharply limited talent, and he has not been able to add anything to it, to explore any new aspect of it, or even to arrange the familiar elements of it in any novel form. He has been a screen writer and a screen producer, and what he has to say about Hollywood has an authentic ring, but we have heard it all before, and he brings no freshness of viewpoint to it. What he does do is to slap us in the face, time and again, with the threadbare notion that what looks like success may not really be success at all. This is his Message, and it is plain that he expects this shopworn remnant of philosophy to give his book a strong moral impact.

He has written in a bad and confused style. Sometimes he seeks to be powerfully realistic, and to this end he uses a great many dirty words, and it may be that in so doing he reproduces precisely the tone of conversation among many cheap people in Hollywood. The present reviewer is content to meet any number of dirty words in fiction, if their use serves some purpose—if, in fact, they are justifiable artistically. But the wholesale use of dirty words in pages of flat, slow-moving dialogue is a bore and no more effective than the obscenity of a boring, brainless chatterer in a smoking-car.

REALISM IS a trap for all but a few very skilled writers; it is hard to say all that one wants to say while keeping within the realistic convention. Like many a deluded man before him, Mr. Kennedy seeks to leaven his lump with stretches of pseudo-Joycean inner monologue; here is a passage chosen at random:

> *And so to bed, to die, and end. Yes, death to the lovely hair no more to brush its brilliant blackness or to accuse yet love him who once did see in me a luscious port for lustful entry beautifully meant for both our pleasure. The inviting whiteness of skin is bloodless waste. The five foot two is through. The eyes of blue are porcelain cracked by torturing visions now canvas-covered by the forcibly shuttered lids.*

This is sham Joyce and pretentious writing; it is a pity that so many writers who seek to lean on Joyce have not realized that Joyce was one of the great comic writers of all time. Without the Joycean humor the Joycean

meanderings are a weary mannerism.

Of humor Mr. Kennedy has not one crumb. That is why he is able to take Bart Blaine so solemnly. Blaine is certainly a subject for a good novel, but not for a long-faced novel like this. We do not need to be told that Blaine's success is illusory, for that is plain to every reader of normal intelligence after the first fifteen pages. Nor can we be expected to take Blaine seriously. It is one of the facts of life that a man who makes sex his principal preoccupation is a comic character, however much misery he may cause himself and others. And a man who, at 39, loses his head and goes to bits because he thinks he is impotent is a joke to any reader with a grain of wisdom. If Mr. Kennedy had stood back from Bart and looked at him coolly, he would have seen that his hero was a tiny man, and he would have abandoned his book or written it quite differently.

It is dogmatic to insist that certain subjects are inherently comic, but it is dogmatism with twenty-five hundred years of experience behind it. The downfall of a little man is not a tragic theme; pathetic, possibly, but no more. Bart Blaine has no stature. None of the people around him have stature. His wife Mollie—Mr. Kennedy's "good" woman, and a bore and a prig—is without stature and her goodness is of the negative sort. These people are fit subjects for comedy, and Ben Jonson delighted in showing up just such seedy riffraff. No dirty-word realism, no mirthless re-Joycing, no sophomoric Message, can inflate them into material for 440 pages of soul-strife, at $4.75.

So there is a slump in fiction? Small wonder, for though books like *Prince Bart* may be thrust upon the public by high-pressure selling the public will not like them. The public may not know why, but it is conscious that it is being affronted. If fiction is to be popular again most of it must be written by craftsmen of sincere purpose, artistic integrity, broad understanding and appreciation of life, and conscious of style. It must come from publishing-houses where taste and respect for the public have not been supplanted by the cheapjack's notion that anybody can be sold a pup—once. It will take some time and much work for the decent publishers to undo the harm that has been done by the book-hucksters.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

PRINCE BART — by Jay Richard Kennedy — pp. 440—*Ambassador Books*—$4.75.

In Brief

THE TWELVE SEASONS — by Joseph Wood Krutch—pp. 185—McLeod—$3.75.

At the springtime of the year, nostrils quiver with the smell of nature renewing herself. Joseph Wood Krutch's nose is sensitive twelve months in the year, as this "Perpetual Calendar for the Country" shows. The distinguished American critic has a lifelong devotion to Spring Peepers, wind without rain and the stars in their courses. His Calendar breathes quiet appreciation of nature, even of one of his cats that used to roll on snakes.

Yet there is self-consciousness in his perception, as of one who (and he admits it himself) barely escapes the accusation of being suburban. This constraint—does it explain his spongey sentences?—is not due to literary learning. Sir William Beach Thomas and Richard Church are literary and suburban, but their English countryside is part of them. They do not escape to it. The return of the American native to the soil is hard-footed, off pavement. The country was not their womb. They suckle with a package of vitamin-A corn flakes handy.

SWORDS OF ANJOU — by Mario Pei — pp. 310—*Longmans, Green*—$4.00.

From Chaucer outward, the Chanson de Roland has been text to literary imaginations. Professor Pei, linguist and scholar, happily turns his learning to an historical novel based on the Charlemagne of the French historical verse romances of the eleventh to thirteenth centuries. The flavor of his novel is evident from the first sentences: "Marsile, commander of the western faithful and Emir of Zaragoza, sat in state on a throne of blue marble in the cool garden of his palace. Before him stood his most trusted leaders and advisors, viziers and emirs, alquadis and almacors". A cheerful, colorful tale of bloodthirst, knightly love, history and humor. Christian romantics will enjoy the pagan dogs.

SIGNS AND WONDERS — by Leo Brady — pp. 253—*Snithers & Bonellie*—$3.75.

A woman in our apartment house cut out tomatoes and bang! she had a baby. That is a sample of the chitchat in this novel of special interest to Roman Catholics. Andrew Carnahan, a successful lumberman, has the supreme ambition to be a prominent Catholic layman, helped and thwarted by his family: Elizabeth his wife, slightly featherbrained; Patrick his son, killed during the war; Mary his daughter (who talks of tomatoes), who married a Protestant and refuses help from Andrew; John, who is in a seminary but two-thirds of the way through the book admits that he hasn't a vocation for the priesthood.

There are other upsets to Andrew's ambitions in his big family, but chiefly they result from his desire for literal rather than spiritual recognition of his devotion to his religion. The novel becomes a tract for enlightened tolerance of wayfarers in other than Roman Catholic branches of religious belief. It thus seems in line with present-day American Catholic practice. A colloquial, chummy sort of novel.

THIS HEART, THIS HUNTER—by Hallie Southgate Burnett — pp. 310 — *Clarke, Irwin* — $3.75.

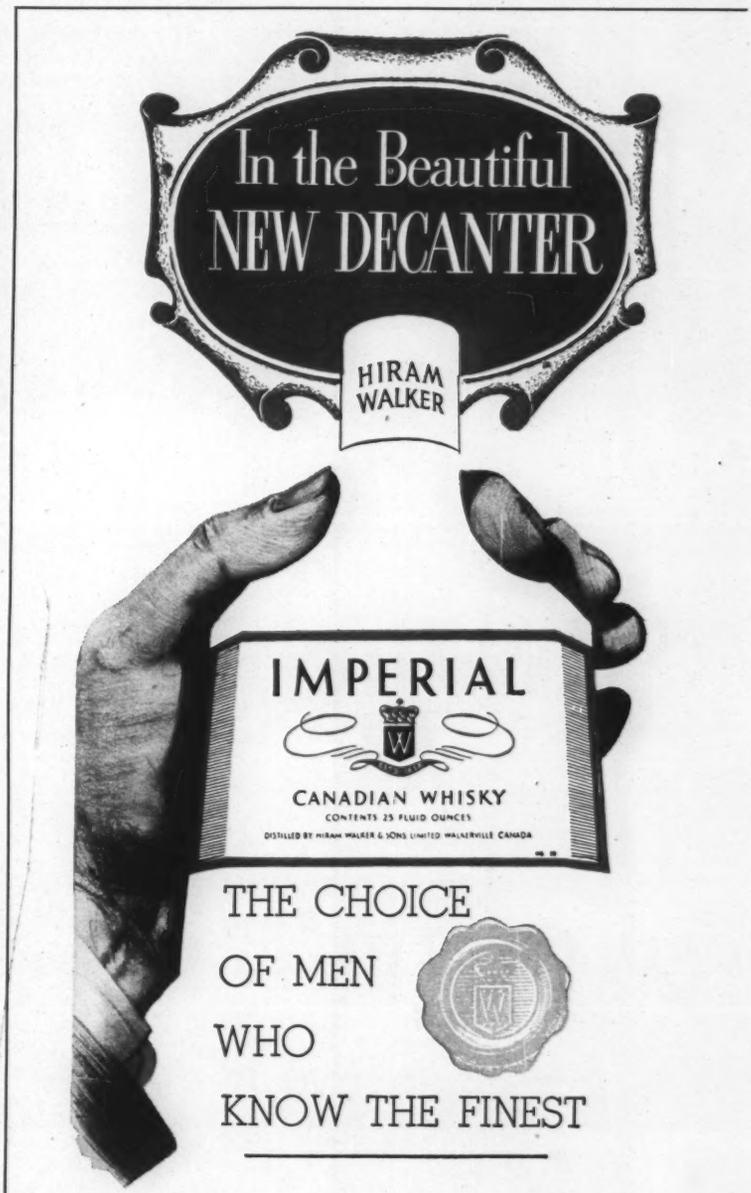
Victor was male, swigged with power. Felicia was female, a doll of innocence. When his sex called, Felicia fell. She was seventeen, he was a GI student ten years older. The dear Southern Belle was plunged into rather frightened maturity in their first year of marriage while her father, head of the southern university, hovered with alarmed concern and KKK fiery crosses burned. This Dear and Daddy novel has suspense which partly sustains a reader part of the way through the book but at the end he couldn't care less how Felicia has her baby and whether she returns to Victor. The writing is palpitating.

THE TATTOOED HEART—by Theodora Keogh —pp. 261—*Ambassador Books*—$3.75.

A gentle novel, yes, but the fibre is soft too. The sap doesn't rise. An adolescent girl and a boy who is young enough to have a heart tattooed on his chest without feeling a needle of sex, spend a summer in a companionship overseen by a preoccupied grandmother and an interfering tutor. An idyll, rather idle.

AMOS BERRY—by Allan Seager—pp. 376—*Musson*—$4.50.

Amos Berry's boy, "the kid that fights", took notes in a little black notebook from the time he was fifteen. So he had lines on his father and father's circle, a private eye on his home town in Michigan. But the son —the "I" of this novel—discovered



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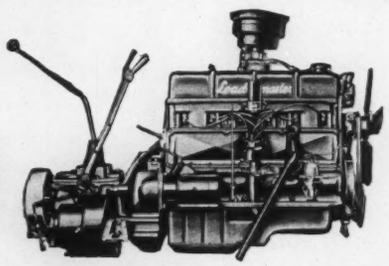

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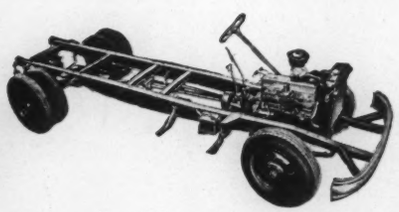

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when he returned from the war that his lines were from the wrong angle. As he himself had a camouflage in his athletic prowess, to hide poetic ambitions, so his father's clubs and bourgeois life were a camouflage.

Amos Berry, apparently happy, a successful industrial executive of good family, resented his organized life, too. He murdered his friend and boss, the head of the firm; was a pallbearer at the funeral and was never discovered as a killer. "You were shooting at a system and you killed a man", his son says with understanding and new love.

It is a story of disillusionment with the American Way of Life, told with detached but strong emotion and intelligent judgment. It holds hope that time is moving the American Way into the mainstream of western culture.

PORTRAITS BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS — edited by Frederick W. Hilles—pp. 184, Index and 12 fine illustrations—McGraw-Hill—$5.00.

Portraits, these, not from the brush but from the pen of the excellent Sir Joshua. This is part of the remarkable treasure of the Boswell Papers, and it seems probable that Boswell sought and preserved these writings of his dear friend with a view to writing a life of Reynolds. They are illuminating comments upon the Johnson circle by a man who had two unusual qualities in his favor — he was a painter and he was deaf; thus he was better able to see what his friends were like than one who was beguiled at all times by the brilliance of their conversation. Sir Joshua was not a wit, but he was a man of humor, and his description of poor Goldsmith trying to tell a funny story and making a mess of it is a brilliant piece of reporting.

The excellence of this writing should still forever the opinion that Reynold's *Discourses* were written for him by a ghost; these pieces are not in the high style of his formal writing, and are perhaps the better for it. Anyone who has taken pleasure in the two Boswell Journals already in print should not neglect this book simply because it is not by Boswell. It is a stone in what seems likely to be a fine monument to Boswell, and it is of great interest in its own right, illuminating the character of Sir Joshua as well as filling in some details in the portraits of his friends.

T.J.A.

•

Last year the Canadian steel mills produced an average of 9,835 net tons of steel ingots per day; in 1037 the daily production was 4,300 tons per day. —*Prince Albert, Sask., Daily Herald.*

But they were a primitive lot in those days.

•

Miami Beach, Fla., has no cemetery, no airport, no railroad and is not believed to have any manufacturing plants. —*Edmonton Journal.*

Hasn't *anyone* looked to see?

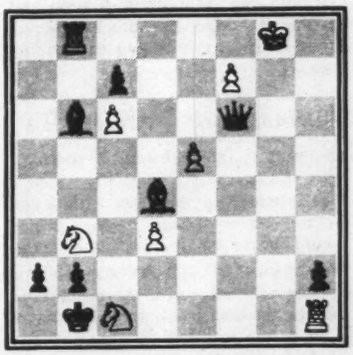
Chess Problem

WE NOW move on to the task of presenting the four promotions by a single black Pawn. As indicated in our last issue, this cannot be operated in shorter length than a three-move problem, and even here White is restricted to a certain method. The task was first achieved by Godfrey Heathcote, composer of our No. 3. It was published in the Norwich *Mercury* in 1907, but later improved to the version in No. 10 below. It is a remarkable problem, with a fine key-move, and each of White's five continuations is a quiet move.

In a four-mover the task has been more harmoniously demonstrated by the late Dr. O. Wurzburg of Grand Rapids and others. It is a difficult undertaking, but by no means an impossible one.

Problem No. 10, by G. Heathcote.

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

To be an adept at solving three-move problems is an accomplishment of no mean order. The inexperienced solver should certainly make an attempt to unravel No. 10, but he should not give up too much time to it. More profitable would be to give the position a close examination when the solution appears.

Solution of Problem No. 9

Key-move 1, Q-B6, waiting.

If P-Kt (Q); 2.Kt-Kt2 mate. If P-Kt8(Kt) or K-Q8; 2.Q-R4 mate. If P-Q8(Q); 2.QKt-Q2 mate. If P-Q8(Kt) or K-Kt8; 2.Q-K4 mate.

Of course, R-Kt8 is answered by either 2.KtxKtP or 2.Q-R4 mate. The dual is a minor one, and no serious blemish. "CENTAUR"

The Story This Far: Jeri Dane, 19, ward of Red Hanson, has installed a man who claims to be her father on the ranch operated by Red's partner, Kirk Grant. Red runs a legal gambling house in which Maxie Canoga is trying to buy 51 per cent interest. Jeri knows Maxie secretly is acquainted with Lola Marlow, the singer Red plans to marry. Upon the advice of Al Walters, Red's employee, Jeri does not tell Red about the man she has taken to the ranch. Maxie invites all of them to go to the big birthday party at the Rhodes ranch. Only Jeri accepts. Jeri sees Kirk but he is called from her by Elsie Rhodes, who is jealous of Kirk.—*Synopsis of a serial story appearing in the Halifax Chronicle-Herald.*

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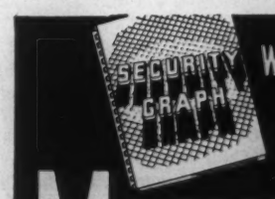

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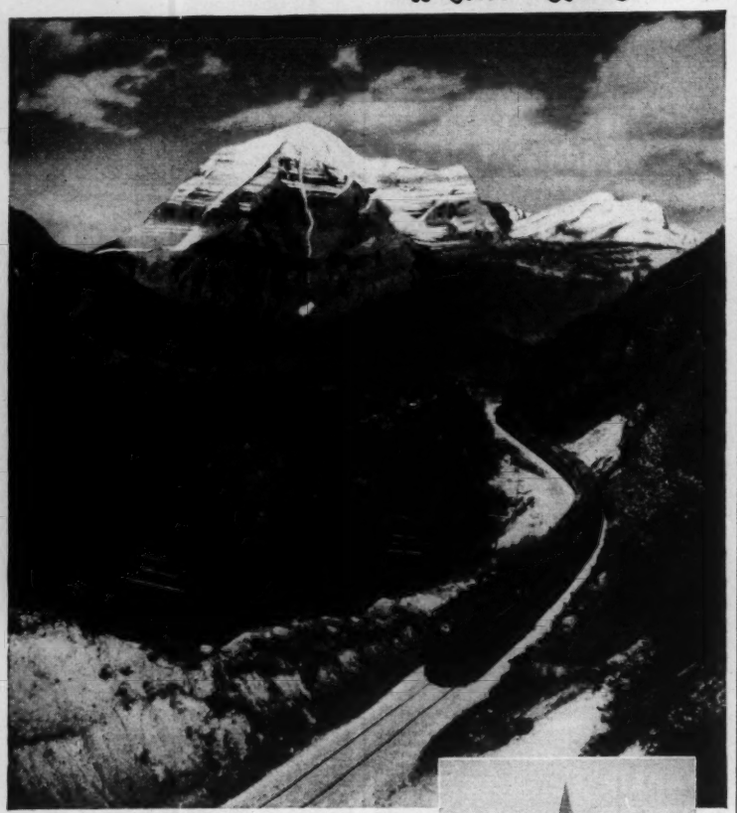

When you travel Canadian National across Canada, you can sightsee interesting cities — stop over at Minaki and Jasper Park Lodge — see towering Mount Robson (above), monarch of the Canadian Rockies — visit the exciting West Coast. And you ride in comfort all the way, East or West, on Canadian National's scenic rail route.

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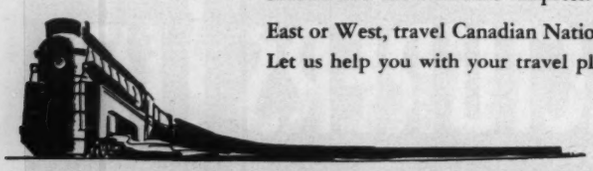


Travel

Laurentian Hotels

THE LAURENTIAN *region is popular among skiers in the winter but I understand many hotels there operate throughout the year. Can you name a few? — E. C. C., Winnipeg, Man.*

Day or night, summer or winter, with rod or gun or skis, there is something to do in this beautiful region. In the area between St. Jerome and St. Jovite there are many fine hotels. The Manoir Pinoteau at Mont Tremblant, Ste. Adele Lodge at Ste. Adele en Haut, the Alpine Inn at Ste. Marguerite Station, Jasper in Quebec at St. Donat de Montcalm, Gray Rocks Inn, St. Jovite, Mont Tremblant Lodge at Mont Tremblant, Chalet Cochand, Ste. Marguerite Station and O'Connell Lodge, Lac des Loups, via Mont Laurier, are among the leading ones.

Williamsburg Contest

BEING AN *enthusiastic amateur photographer, especially when I take a motoring vacation, would you let me know of any locality which would prove of special interest this year?—C. N. N., Niagara Falls.*

Here is one for you. A special contest for the best black and white snapshots of the restored 18th-century city made by amateur photographers has been announced by Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia.

Open to all visitors and residents, the contest will continue until December 31. Prizes worth $50, $25 and $10 will be awarded at the end of June, September and December for the best photographs submitted during each quarter and a special grand prize will be given for the best photograph of the year.

Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod

I UNDERSTAND *there is a special Highland gathering in Nova Scotia each year, similar to that held in Scotland. Can you give me information?—D. McD., Paris, Ont.*

The 15th anniversary of the Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod will be held in the grounds of the only Gaelic College in America at St. Ann's, Nova Scotia, August 3 through to 8.

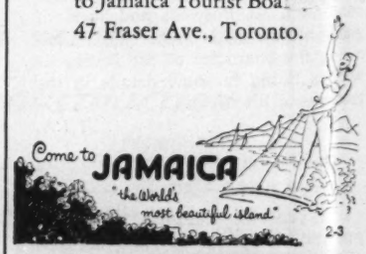
Gaelic Mod will start with the introduction of an outdoor *Theatre Under The Stars* to promote Gaelic and Jacobite plays and choral singing on August 3 and will conclude on the Saturday with a *Prince Charlie-Flora MacDonald Pageant of the 45* staged on the hills around Black Cove by 100 tartan clad students of the Gaelic College Summer School. Another outstanding feature, the highlight of previous Mods, will be *Highland Clans Day*. A chief of a Scottish clan will address the gathering.

The widespread demand that the Mod be extended for a full week plus the ever-increasing number of Mod

Spring, Summer or Autumn—come to Jamaica, romantic isle in the Caribbean where the temperature hovers around 78° all through the year.

In this land of tropical splendour, you'll bask under a warm sun in a pleasant holiday atmosphere. Here too, thrill to Jamaica's special vacation sports—swim, fish, golf or just relax on the soft, sand beaches. Tour exotic beauty spots, explore primitive native villages, enjoy the luxurious resort facilities of modern hotels. And remember—*rates which include meals and entertainment are lower than on the mainland.*

Plan now for the ideal holiday—vacation in Jamaica. For further details, see your travel agent, any airline or shipping office, or write to Jamaica Tourist Boa[illegible], 47 Fraser Ave., Toronto.



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CAT-TEX
SOLE of Economy
BY CAT'S PAW

competitions and the opportunity to celebrate the 15th anniversary led the executive to inaugurate Gaelic Mod Week.

In 15 years the infant Festival-Mod of 1939 which was opened by Mr. Angus L. Macdonald, Scottish-minded premier of Nova Scotia, has grown from a two-hour competitive program having less than 50 competitors to an event of several days of keen competition with over 500 entries.

The Gaelic Mod has grown to be widely and officially recognized as Nova Scotia's Provincial Highland Scottish or Gaelic Festival and today promotes Nova Scotia championships in highland dancing, singing and bagpipe music. In 1950 the Nova Scotia Legislature passed a special act giving the Scottish event the status of The Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod.

German Hotel Guide

IS THERE *a reliable guide to hotel accommodation in Germany?—J. T., Army P.O.*

The Hotel Guide for 1953, prepared by the German Tourist Association in conjunction with the German Hotels' and Restaurants' Association and the Union of German Travel Associations, is published in German, English and French by Hugo Matthaes Verlag, Stuttgart publishers. The guide lists about 2,700 hotels, inns, and boarding houses in West Germany and Berlin which are particularly attractive to foreign visitors, giving rates, capacity, types of accommodations, etc., and also contains a map indicating travel facilities.

Paris Taxis

THE LAST *time I was in Paris, I experienced great difficulty in getting a taxi. Has the service improved?—T. P. H., Quebec.*

Taxis are much easier to get than they were a year or two ago, but are still not freely available. The drivers are not confined to beats but, even if you do find an empty cab, it does not necessarily mean the driver will take you wherever you want to go. Frequently they are on the point of returning to their garages, which are invariably situated in remote places one has no wish to visit, or they are just off to have lunch or dinner, or they are just being temperamental.

Customs Concessions

WHAT ARE *the Canadian Customs concessions for returning Canadian residents?—B. T. C., Montreal.*

A person returning from abroad after an absence of not less than 48 hours may bring back with him into Canada any class of goods valued not more than $100 on condition that such goods are included in the baggage accompanying him, and that they are for his personal or household use, or are intended as souvenirs or gifts. This exemption will not be granted within four months from the date of the last exemption, and is not allowed on alcoholic beverages in excess of one quart, or on tobacco in excess of 50 cigars, 200 cigarettes and two pounds of manufactured tobacco.

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The Passing Show

No Ego Is Complete Without One

GOOD AFTERNOON, sir. May I have just a moment of your time? I know you're a busy man, but no top-flight executive can afford to be without this product. Pardon me while I open my suitcase.

Here it is—the Artificial Integrity Restorer, AIR for short. What does it do? Well, sir, AIR is the answer to today's need today, or as they say "to have a successful personality." In our complex and highly competitive world nearly everybody has to be nice to people he dislikes, almost every one has to say things he doesn't mean, virtually all of us have to smile at the boss's joke. Result: at the end of the day you have the vague feeling that the noble mansion of your soul has somehow been taken over by a cocker spaniel.

Oh, not *you*, sir! I wasn't referring to you personally. But perhaps you have some dear friend or relative who suffers from loss of integrity. If so I'm sure you'd like to give him the AIR.

So simple to operate, sir. Suppose you've had a hard day of kowtowing to the buyer, or of sitting in on the executive conference and chanting, "I don't see how that idea can miss, H. R." You come home with a bad taste in your mind. You relax in your easy chair and switch on your AIR. Immediately the AIR speaks, in your own voice. I'll just plug in this demonstration model. Now, listen:

"H.R. is a big fat slob. Of all the corny characters, H.R., you take the well-known biscuit. If your blunders—"

Too loud, sir? I understand. But you can see how AIR purges the ego of all deference to the boss, to the buyer, to the boots that have taken such a licking.

Ah, you're watching the screen. Yes, even while panning the person you've had to pander to, the AIR presents a moving picture of you as you like to think of yourself, in this case as the frontiersman of the Old West. Yes, there you are, sir, on your faithful pinto, a symbol of intransigeance, your trusty six-shooter in your hand, cocked to back up your readiness to spit in any man's eye. In succeeding reels you see yourself as a fearless explorer, as an English highwayman, as a Viking, as a fur trapper whose furs have trapped a beautiful blonde, as a major-league baseball umpire, as a . . .

That smell? The good, clean, honest smell of the barn, sir. Just part of the persuasive illusion that you are a dirt farmer, independent and as bold of eye as the eagle. The AIR wafts you a variety of indomitable odors—the boatload of fish of the gutty gillnetter, the old prospector's plug of chaw . . .

Who buys AIR? Why, the market is expanding faster than we can manufacture them, sir. Right now we're making three models. We have the small mantel model for store clerks, university professors, magazine editors and so on. Then there's the De Luxe AIR, the console model for industrial executives, actresses who have to be especially nice to television producers, and all types of travelling salesmen. I own one myself, sir. Wouldn't be without it. And finally we have the magnificent Custom AIR, a machine tailored for the integrity needs of politicians and the commercial announcers of radio soap operas. For only fifty dollars down—

What's that, sir? You don't need an AIR to restore your integrity? Your wife tells you what an upright character you have, how free you are from hypocrisy? Ah, you're a lucky man, sir. Er, by the way . . . I wonder if I might speak to your *wife*?

ERIC NICOL

•

Nikiforuk is studying oxidation-reduction potentials of whole saliva using various reducing dyes and attempting to find out what intermediary metabolites affect the rate of reduction. The objective of these studies is simply to learn more about the characteristics of the complex chemical phenomena of glycolysis and proteolysis as they occur in the indefinable mixture of salt solutions, cell debris and mixed bacterial populations which we glibly call "saliva." The surprising thing is that in spite of the heterogeneity of the mixture, chemical behavior is often quite uniform and reproducible. Perhaps the mixture is less heterogenous than we think. Perhaps influences within the mouth about which we know nothing maintain a uniformity of bacterial populations.—*Extract from a speech reported in the Canadian Dental Association Journal.*

Let's keep it that way.

•

The clinical use of viomycin—which has been under development in the laboratories of Chas. Pfizer & Co., Brooklyn, New York, for over four years—is held by Dr. Payne to be "feasible in the presence of streptomycin-resistant organisms, or allergic sensitivity to streptomycin. Its use with the newer antimicrobials should be explored."—*Medical & Pharmaceutical Information Bureau Press release.*

With rod and gun?

•

One of the prime causes for the rhino's downfall is his nasal horn—from which he gets his name. For centuries this horn, actually composed of compressed air, has been credited with medicinal properties.—*From a nature column in the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.*

Sounds a little far-fetched to us.

Business

Automobile Problems: Taxes and Credit

HAVE WE passed the peak of the automobile boom? Most of the signs along the economic highway say we have.

With the big spring selling season opening up, reports from all over the U.S. and Canada show that sales of used cars are lagging, even with price cuts and "no money down" offers.

The surprise price cuts by Chrysler, which came before the Russian "peace offensive," jolted the automotive industry in as severe a manner as peace jolted public sentiment out of its calm acceptance of a seemingly everlasting cold war boom.

The price cuts served notice that the time of the "hard sell" is here. With over 1.6 million new cars coming off assembly lines this year, an increase of 50 per cent over last year, and first half production expected to reach a record of 3.3 million, the battle for the buyer's dollar promises to be fierce. Competitive price cuts seem probable, for the widening gap between the prices of new and used cars means either lower trade-in values and higher sales resistance or resale losses to the dealer.

The latest peace offensive has resulted in a profound shift in public sentiment, if the recent action of the stock markets is any indication. And it has directed attention to many problems that had been quietly growing in size.

Consumer credit has been the foremost of these. Both in Canada and the U.S. credit has shot to new highs. In the opinion of many, it is approaching dangerously high levels. The latest American figures show that total credit at the end of February stood at $23.5 billion, up $3.8 billion from 1952. Canadian figures will likely show similar advances when they become available.

Automobile financing has been one of the major sources of this increase in credit. An official of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation has stated flatly that some credit men have been living in a fool's paradise; and the *Wall Street Journal* reports that several U.S. banks are in a serious situation, with between 8 and 10 per cent of their instalment loans past due. When credit reaches these levels, it seems proper to wonder just where the buyers are to come from to absorb the flood of new cars that daily swell dealer inventories.

In Canada, factory shipments of new cars rose 32 per cent in February over the same month a year ago. New car shipments totalled 42,904 units to bring the total for the year to 78,798. Imports from the U.S. nearly doubled at 3,904, while British cars declined slightly from 3,548 to 3,109 in 1952.

In the U.S. stocks of both new and used cars in dealers' hands continued to increase. Used cars are now at the highest inventory level in over 26 months. New cars held by the 45,191 dealers there averaged nearly nine cars per dealer, to set a two-year high in inventories, at the end of March.

Cars continue to roll out of factories at a record pace. According to *Ward's Automotive Reports*, American factories turned out 134,520 new cars and Canadian plants 8,776 in the week of April 4.

Can the market absorb this many vehicles, when financing is accounting for up to 75 per cent of sales and credit men are now demanding higher down payments and shorter payment periods?

Car inventories are not the only ones that are standing at record levels. Business inventories in general in the U.S. reached $75.3 billion at the end of February, up more than $1.2 billion from last February's figure. Federal officials have expressed concern over inventory increases; a similar situation last year led to the first half slump in business activity and employment as inventories were worked off.

If peace becomes a reality, we must face a shift in the allocation of production facilities. Both the stock and the commodity markets are now in the process of readjusting themselves to the change in the supply-demand equation. We cannot continue at the peak of a boom and simultaneously adjust ourselves to the ways of peace —especially when the boom appears to have reached a ripe old age, with all the ills and failings of old age.

Since the beginning of World War II, we have been living in a pressure economy, with pressure almost continuously on the buying side, with the exception of the mild 1949-1950 recession that was quickly ended by the start of the Korean adventure. The impetus given the economy of this continent (and that is the only way to consider it, for Canada is part of the economic whole of this continent) by defence spending has been extended by credit spending. In plainer words, the mortgaging of the next three years' income, by the income groups that can least guarantee fulfilment of their contracts, has kept the boom going.

The matchless productive power of the free economy of this continent has proved that we can not only produce guns and butter but jam and Cadillacs too. Now, with a possible letdown in both defence and consumer spending, the problem of surpluses in cars and other consumer durables could be embarrassing.

The "hard sell" is here, make no mistake about that. To expand sales, prices must move down. That is an economic axiom whose stern requirements must be met in accordance with the law of supply and demand. To the manufacturer, with the relief of falling prices for raw materials offset by the demands of labor, cuts in the excessive taxation which burdens the automobile industry in Canada offer the only solution.

Next to the distillers, car makers are the top men on the tax totem pole. In 1951 Canadian excise and sales taxes totalled $138 million, almost a third of $345 million wages received by the 238,400 workers engaged in building, supplying and servicing automobiles in this period. The average car sold in Canada carries a tax bill that reads $362, and this does not reveal the hidden excise, corporation and employee income taxes that are included in the factory price.

Should car sales decline drastically, more than the automobile worker will be affected. If the material demands of the automotive industry contract, it will affect the steel workers, the metal miners, the glass workers, the tire builders and the farmers. Automobiles consume 16 per cent of all the steel produced and equivalent amounts of other components.

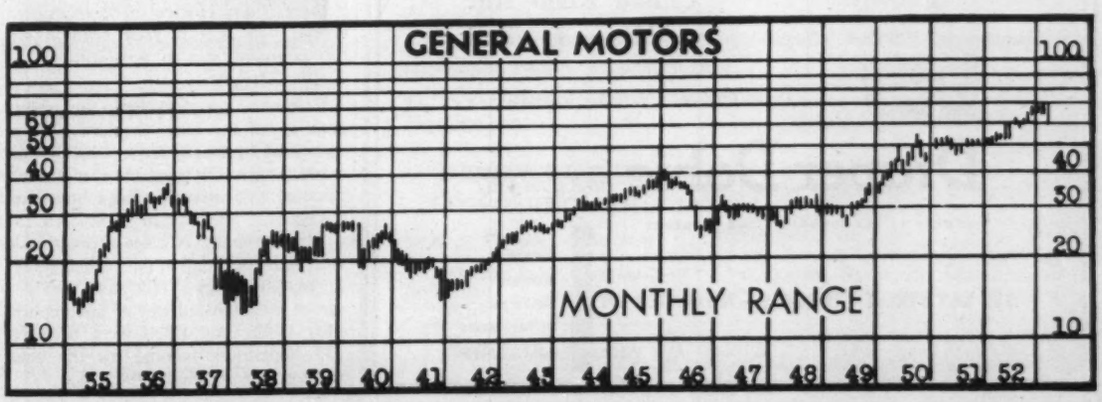
The accompanying chart of the market action of General Motors and the table of its sales and earnings tell a story in themselves.

	Sales $ Mill.	*Earnings per share* $	*Dividends per share* $
1935	1155.6	1.84	1.13
1936	1439.3	2.67	2.25
1937	1606.8	2.19	1.88
1938	1067.0	1.08	.75
1939	1376.8	2.02	1.75
1940	1794.9	2.16	1.88
1941	2436.8	2.22	1.88
1942	2250.5	1.78	1.00
1943	3796.1	1.61	1.00
1944	4262.2	1.84	1.50
1945	3127.9	2.03	1.50
1946	1962.5	.88	1.13
1947	3815.2	3.12	1.50
1948	4701.8	4.86	2.25
1949	5700.8	7.32	4.00
1950	7531.1	9.35	6.00
1951	7465.6	5.63	4.00
1952	7549.1	6.25	4.00

Comparison of the chart action and the earnings table will show that each sharp decline in the stock has accurately forecast a decline in earnings by a considerable time margin, and each broad advance has been followed by an improvement in earnings over the nearly two decades shown on the chart. Thus the sharp decline in GM from its high of 69¾ to 59¾ and the sharper decline in Chrysler from 98 to 77½ would seem to be forecasting a decline in production and earnings again. Quality stocks such as these tend to adjust themselves to an expected return of about 6 per cent.

If we read our charts correctly, Chrysler could retreat to about 67 and General Motors to about 52. Such prices would forecast a return to 1949 production levels. A drop in production to this point would seem reasonable in view of the factors of over-extended credit and the shift in public psychology.

W. P. SNEAD



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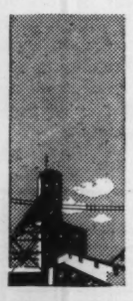

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Gold & Dross

Canadair

Q WILL *you please give me some information about Canadair? It is a leading aircraft manufacturer and rapidly expanding but I do not recollect seeing the shares quoted at any time. Is it a Crown company? Its financial setup seems obscure. I do not remember seeing a company report or balance sheet. It should be an interesting investment possibility. —C. W. H., Peterborough, Ont.*

Canadair is a subsidiary of General Dynamics Ltd. This is an American company and was formerly the Electric Boat Company. The stock is listed on the New York, Toronto and Montreal exchanges.

Canadair was previously a Crown company. It was sold some years ago to the American company.

The stock, having climbed from a 1952 low of 25¼ to a recent high of 45, has reacted sharply to 38 on the "peace news." As a manufacturer of military aircraft and submarines the company is in the "war baby" class and the company seems vulnerable to rather drastic changes in earnings.

At present prices the stock would appear to be more for speculation than investment.

American Leduc

I BOUGHT *stock, American Leduc, at 45, 65, and 85 cents. Could you please give me your opinion as to whether it has any future or should I sell now and take the loss.—W. C., Winnipeg.*

At the present price of 38 cents, American Leduc is at the low for the year. While reserves and working capital are low in proportion to the 3.5 million shares, the improvement in production possibilities for the western oils suggests there is room for appreciation of the stock. Selling is not advised at this point.

Calmont Oil

SOME TIME AGO *I purchased a substantial quantity of Calmont Oil Corp., at what was close to its top price. It has sagged considerably since that time. To dispose of the stock would mean a considerable loss. I am in a position to hold on to the stock if there is any chance of its recovery. Would you express your opinion on this company and its possibilities? — T. W., Toronto.*

Calmont has travelled the same path as all the other western oils in the long retreat from the highs marked early last year. At the present price of 1.55 it is more of a buy than a sale.

The company is closely connected with Anglo-Canadian Oil, which holds 1,594,000 shares of Calmont. Oil reserves are unstated but at last report, May 1952, total assets were $2,639,-255. Operating income for the year ending then totalled $908,736.

The outlook for production this year is considerably more promising as transportation facilities are being enlarged to permit year-round production. The demands of the pipelines should stimulate producers' revenues considerably. Retention of your shares is advised.

East Sullivan

WOULD YOU *kindly tell me if there is anything wrong with East Sullivan? I bought it at 9.15 on the strength of one of our financial papers saying it had amazing gold values. I understand about the price of zinc, but I don't understand it going so low when they have oil and copper interests.—H. C., Toronto.*

The decline in net earnings from $1.49 per share in 1951 to $1.01 per share in 1952 has been partly the cause of the decline in the stock to the recent low of 5.20. Expectations of lower earnings in 1953 are acting as a depressant on the shares.

The interests held in other companies are primarily in the form of development financing and returns in the form of dividends from these investments appear to be rather remote at the present stages of development.

The gold values in the various ore bodies range from .015 to .054 ounces per ton and total production of gold for 1951 amounted to 13,290 ounces. Considered against the production of 27 million lbs. of copper and 26.5 million lbs. of zinc in that period, it is apparent that gold production is only a minor factor.

Barvue Mines

WILL YOU *please give me your opinion of the prospects of Barvue Mines? I hold some of the debentures with warrants purchased at 99. And, in addition I bought additional warrants at prices ranging up to 3.30.*

Do you consider that the market for zinc is likely to improve sufficiently in the next two of three years so that the warrants will be worth holding or should I take my losses now and switch the funds into something else?—O. E. C., Brockville, Ont.

The stock market and the metal futures markets, both recording new lows for lead and zinc shares and metal prices, are forecasting the outlook for as far ahead as can be seen. Futures prices for the delivery next March of lead are quoted in New York at 12.5 cents per pound and at 10.53 cents for zinc. Cash prices are quoted at 13 cents for lead and 11 cents for zinc.

Barvue, by virtue of the three-year contract to supply a total of 175,000 tons of zinc to American Zinc Company at 17½ cents a pound, is in a better position than most zinc producers until the contract expires next year.

However, at present prices, the mill

is only operating at partial capacity leaving some 1,500 tons of the 6,000 tons potential capacity unused. This indicates the mine may have difficulty in operating at a profit when the contract expires unless metal prices advance considerably. The three-year low of 2.75, marked recently, in the long decline from the 1951 high of 7.60, measures the market opinion of these prospects, as does the recent price of 1.10 for the warrants.

As the warrants give you a call on 80 shares of stock at 3.00 for each warrant, at a cost to you, with your warrants at 3.30, of 3.05 per share, I would suggest that you consult your broker as to the merits of selling the amount of stock you can claim with your warrants short against the warrants as a means of recovering your loss — preferably on a recovery above 3.

Trans Mountain Pipeline

WOULD YOU *recommend Trans Mountain Pipeline at the present price of 40 as an investment?—W. J., Toronto.*

Over the long pull you would likely achieve both income and capital gain. However, I consider the present price a little high in relation to the possible earnings in sight. If capacity is to be increased to the possible 300,000 barrels per day rate, further funds will be required to finance the expansion of pumping facilities. Should further stock or bonds be issued, they will have a depressing effect upon the stock price. I would advise deferring purchases until the stock reacts from its present price. Analysis of the chart pattern indicates a decline to about 32 is possible.

Western Potash

WHAT, *in your opinion, are the possibilities of Western Potash Corporation Ltd., for the long run or for a short term investment? Your analysis will be greatly appreciated.—F. J., Lytton, BC.*

Western Potash must be considered a speculative issue. It was originally sold to the public at $1 per share. On the Calgary Exchange it advanced to a high of 2.15 and receded to about 1.20 and is now quoted at 1.30.

The company is capitalized at 5 million shares, of which about 3 million had been issued by last July. Options are outstanding on 1.6 million shares on a scale from 80 to 1.10, in four blocks of 400,000 shares. Bata Petroleums holds a block of 500,000 shares, received for the property.

The company is attempting to develop the large deposits of potash located near Unity, Saskatchewan. These, according to the Economic and Planning Board of that province, are capable of supplying the present needs of Canada, plus substantial quantities for export.

The first attempts to recover these deposits made by the company used a brine process to wash out and pump the minerals to the surface, but the costs and rate of recovery were not too satisfactory.

The second program involves sinking a 3,500-foot shaft to the deposits. After considerable difficulty with quicksand, this is now well under way. Regular underground mining practices will be employed to recover the raw potash.

A large quantity of mineable potash definitely exists, large supplies of natural gas are available from Bata, electric power is supplied to the project and railroad transportation is provided.

The one question that is difficult to answer is whether the present financing arrangements are sufficient to bring the property into full production at the 2,000-ton per day rate planned. A conservative estimate of shaft sinking costs is $200 per foot, a total of $700,000. Other costs connected with the shaft would probably raise expenditures above $1 million. The company estimates costs of a 2,000-ton per day plant to be between $3 and $4 million.

Funds from the sale of the optioned stock, of which two blocks of 400,000 have been taken down at 80 and 90 cents to realize $680,000 at April 1 this year and the two remaining blocks of 400,000 at $1 and $1.10 due August and October to provide $810,000, hardly seem adequate to meet these expenditures. Last July, cash of $407,699 was reported.

Thus it appears that an expansion of the share capital will be required to provide the funds needed to complete the project. Should recapitalization be forced, the equity value of the present shares would, of course, be reduced, even if rights are offered. At present the shares appear very speculative.

Miscellaneous

PLEASE ADVISE *as to the investment possibilities of Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Limited, at its present price.—J. A. S., Hamilton, Ont.*

At the current price of 28 cents per share, which is more than double the total assets per share, this stock does not appear to be an investment.

I would appreciate your report on the present status of Quest Yellowknife Mines.—G. R. T., Nanaimo, B.C.

Work was suspended on this property in 1947, pending improved financing conditions.

Will you be kind enough to give me some information on Bobs Lake? —E. E. B., Ville St., Laurent, Que.

Bobs Lake became New Bobs Lake in July, 1952, in a four-for-one reorganization. Last trades reported by the Canadian Stock Exchange were at five cents. No further work has been reported since some diamond drilling done on property last year.

The figure of $26,940,000 quoted as the funded debt of Dominion Textile Company Ltd. in the analysis of the company in March 28 issue should have read $16,741,000.

Subscribers requesting information from Gold & Dross are asked to limit their queries to one company. We cannot undertake to review lists of stocks.

W. P. S.

The Right Decision

Sometimes investors are content to take a chance when purchasing a new security.

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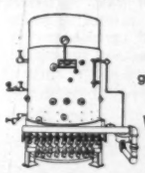

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We have also prepared a report on Western Potash Corporation Limited—Canada's most advanced potash development.

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Bonds

U.S. Railroad Issues

THE POSTWAR period has been one of great change for the railroads in the United States. They have been revitalized through the expenditures of billions of dollars in the last six years, and already they are on the start of a period that should see lower cost of operation with consequent better earnings.

The rapid conversion of the industry from steam to diesel power has revolutionized train operations. In 1952, the net income of the 131 Class 1 railroads rose to $827 million from $690.6 million in the preceding year. The prospect of continued great business activity in 1953, logically indicates high rail earning power and places railroad income bonds in an attractive category.

Coupon clipping time has already arrived for some holders of roughly $1 billion of outstanding railroad income bonds. There are about three dozen issues, most of which were offered to investors during the past 16 years or so by more than 30 Class 1 roads. The issuers were railroads which went through reorganization under Section 77 of the National Bankruptcy Act and several others which put into effect debt adjustment plans under other rail legislation.

Most issues bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent annually, payable each April 1 or May 1 out of the previous year's earnings, and are traded flat. However, some are traded plus interest. To emphasize the actual status of income bonds as senior preferred stocks, which take their turn before the Federal Tax Collector, a recent annual comparison eliminates Federal Income Taxes from all 1952 calculations. Being neither true "bonds" nor "stocks" and paying but once a year, income issues interest only a small segment of the security buying public, although very large blocks are held by many of the investment trusts. This lack of general interest makes it possible for the discriminating buyer to get an unusual amount of income for the risk involved.

For the yield-minded bond buyer, many values in the railroad income bonds are to be found which are a reasonably judicious blend of the traditional virtues of the good investment—safety, marketability and yield.

FIVE THINGS in particular account for the improvement in the investment status of incomes: Restored railroad earning power during the war and since Korea; improved railroad rights-of-way and equipment, plus heavy dieselization; higher rate structures; the armament program, increasing earnings; cost reductions, and the sinking fund "buy in."

With constantly less of these bonds outstanding, their interest is surer, and their junior mortgage lien a less diluted one. After all, if you could buy in, and cancel, a $1,000 debt for $600, you'd jump at the chance, wouldn't you? Well, that's just what the railroads have been doing. Look at the financial improvement in the past four years in Lehigh Valley (operating in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania), which has acquired (since issuance in 1949) some $46,000,000 bonds, mostly incomes. No other types of corporations have, in recent years, enjoyed so favorable a climate for debt and interest reductions, with their tonic effect on balance sheets.

As a class, income bonds are a disappearing security. Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific (operating in 14 States between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains) reduced the 4½'s through retirement in the first year from $74 million to less than $34.5 million, and from a low of 71½ in 1948 the bonds, together with the 1st 4's, were redeemed in 1950, when 1st "A" 2⅞'s due 1980 were issued. Last year the Norfolk Southern 5's and Seaboard 4½'s disappeared entirely. In the case of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois convertible income 5's, 1997, which sold at 36 in 1950 and recently at 105, the conversion ratio of these bonds has been lifted from 40 shares of common to 41.08 shares as a result of dividend payments made in common stock during 1952. If Northern Pacific had a convertible bond into common stock, which stock rose from a low of 11½ in 1949 to 94⅜ in 1952,

STELCO IN 1952

THE STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEETS

DECEMBER 31, 1952 AND 1951

STELCO — THE MARK OF QUALITY

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS	1952	1951
Cash on hand and in banks	$ 3,938,058	$ 3,132,658
Bonds of the Government of Canada and other marketable securities (market value December 31, 1952, $16,932,000; 1951, $39,381,000)	16,934,029	39,284,681
Due from employees on Government of Canada bond subscriptions (secured)	1,409,924	1,404,643
Accounts and notes receivable, less reserve	21,438,309	19,727,253
Inventories of raw materials, supplies and products, as determined and certified by responsible officials of the companies and valued at the lower of cost or market, less reserve	39,024,543	27,545,453
	$ 82,744,863	$ 91,094,688
INVESTMENTS — NON-CURRENT		
Interests in coal mining properties, and investments in and advances to associated coal and ore mining companies	$ 14,435,944	$ 12,084,101
FIXED ASSETS		
Cost of works owned and operated	$170,478,871	$131,497,897
Less: Depreciation reserve	96,364,590	79,204,431
	$ 74,114,281	$ 52,293,466
DEFERRED CHARGES		
Taxes, insurance and other expenses paid in advance	$ 321,089	$ 233,930
	$171,616,177	$155,706,185

NOTE: Expenditures required to complete the companies' present construction program are estimated to be $18,000,000.

Approved on behalf of the Board,
H. G. HILTON
LOUIS L. LANG } *Directors.*

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

We have examined the books and accounts of The Steel Company of Canada, Limited, and its subsidiary companies for the year ended December 31, 1952, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion, the above consolidated balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the companies' affairs at December 31, 1952, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the companies.

RIDDELL, STEAD, GRAHAM & HUTCHISON,
Toronto, Ontario, February 28, 1953 Chartered Accountants.

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES	1952	1951
Bank loan	$ 10,000,000	$ —
Accounts payable and accrued	14,603,799	13,266,360
Provision for income and other taxes, less paid on account	6,524,931	9,718,265
Dividends and extra distribution to shareholders payable February, following year	1,799,630	1,799,630
Serial notes payable during the following year	769,460	929,500
	$ 33,697,820	$ 25,713,755
FUNDED DEBT		
2¾% Sinking fund debentures due May 1, 1967	$ 17,986,000	$ 19,291,000
3⅜% Sinking fund debentures due May 1, 1967	14,450,000	15,000,000
Serial notes payable in annual instalments to 1956 (amounts payable following year included in Current Liabilities)	1,941,375	1,020,000
	$ 34,377,375	$ 35,311,000
FURNACE RELINING AND REBUILDING AND OTHER OPERATING RESERVES	$ 3,366,039	$ 3,885,711
RESERVE FOR CONTINGENCIES	$ 2,588,673	$ 2,588,673

CAPITAL STOCK	Authorized	Issued	1952	1951
7% Cumulative Preference shares (participating) — par value $5 each	2,000,000	1,299,260	$ 6,496,300	$ 6,496,300
Ordinary shares—no par value	3,000,000	2,300,000	11,500,000	11,500,000
			$ 17,996,300	$ 17,996,300
EARNED SURPLUS — Earnings retained and in use in the business			$ 79,589,970	$ 70,210,746
			$171,616,177	$155,706,185

imagine what the price of the bond would be.

As income bonds are a disappearing security, they are considered an investment vehicle of interest to buyers when the general bond markets are depressed.

It is obvious now that investments must be selected in industries that will thrive under a war or peace economy. One of the principal elements of strength applying to income bonds, but lacking in preferred and common stocks is the protection they afford against rising corporate taxes. This is because income taxes are based upon earnings after bond interest, and so have little effect on interest paying ability. The opposite is true in the case of dividends.

Income bonds usually act distinct from the general corporate bond market, because they no longer consist of one unit and their value is determined by the component parts of the various units receivable under the plan of reorganization.

Apart from the income bonds, New York Central 4½'s (issued 1914, fixed interest, paid regularly twice yearly, selling some twenty points below the high of 98¼ in 1946) suggest higher prices in view of the greatly improved earnings picture.

If the careful investor is to be successful in the fifties, he must be willing to alter past concepts. Probable permanent injury to the dollar is perhaps the most difficult thing to which the old-time investor must adjust himself.

WILLIAM K. MURRAY

STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS
For the Years Ended December 31, 1952 and 1951

	1952	1951
NET SALES TO CUSTOMERS	$190,214,161	$180,789,204
INCOME FROM OPERATIONS after deducting depreciation and all expenses of manufacturing, selling and administration	$ 13,879,864	$ 13,794,128
Add Net income from securities and profit from sales	328,684	485,823
	$ 14,208,548	$ 14,279,951
Deduct Interest on funded debt	1,045,090	980,709
NET PROFIT FOR THE YEAR	$ 13,163,458	$ 13,299,242

The following amounts have been charged before determining the profit for the year:

	1952	1951
Provision for depreciation	$17,548,731	$12,474,792
Provision for income taxes	10,647,777	16,455,196
Contribution to Pension Trust Fund	1,500,000	1,400,000
Directors' fees	18,000	18,000
Remuneration of executive officers	331,900	331,142
Legal expenses	30,557	14,107

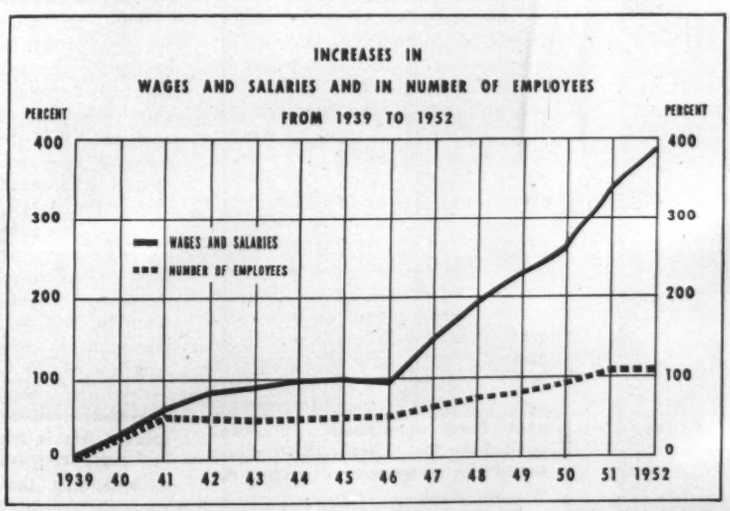
STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED EARNED SURPLUS
For the Years Ended December 31, 1952 and 1951

	1952	1951
Balance at beginning of year	$ 70,210,746	$ 61,042,895
Add Net profit for the year	13,163,458	13,299,242
Difference between face value and cost of debentures retired	174,952	—
	$ 83,549,156	$ 74,342,137
Deduct Debenture discount and expense	$ —	$ 172,205
Dividends declared during the year Preference shares at 80c per share	1,039,408	1,039,408
Ordinary shares at 80c per share	1,840,000	1,840,000
Extra distribution of 30c per share on Preference and Ordinary shares payable February, following year	1,079,778	1,079,778
	$ 3,959,186	$ 4,131,391
Balance at end of year	$ 79,589,970	$ 70,210,746

(A copy of the Annual Report may be obtained from the Secretary of the Company at Hamilton, Ont.)

SOME HIGHLIGHTS

	1952	1951
Net sales to customers	$190,214,161	$180,789,204
Ingot production — net tons	1,371,789	1,255,227
Ingot tonnage rolled	1,817,757	1,801,449
Including steel purchased and steel received from customers for conversion.		
Net profit	$ 13,163,458	$ 13,299,242
Net profit per share of Preference and Ordinary stock combined	$3.66	$3.69
Materials and services bought and used	$ 97,056,121	$ 92,301,129
Total wages and salaries paid	$ 46,971,020	$ 42,053,894
Wages paid for vacations and statutory holidays not worked, included in above	$ 2,165,718	$ 1,919,547
Cost of other employee benefits	$ 2,564,400	$ 2,415,367
Including Pension Plan, Retiring Allowances, Sickness Benefit Plan, Unemployment Insurance and Workmen's Compensation.		
Total employment costs	$ 49,535,420	$ 44,469,261
Number of employees	12,515	12,548
Average employment cost per employee	$ 3,958	$ 3,544
Invested during year in plants and mining properties	$ 42,220,263	$ 22,102,961
Number of shareholders	10,510	10,034
Shares held in Canada, percent	93%	92%



STELCO THE MARK OF QUALITY

STELCO THE MARK OF QUALITY

Insurance

Group vs Personal

IT IS EASY to conclude, after poring over pronouncements of life insurance companies, that Canadians are a thoroughly "Life-conscious" crowd.

Box-car figures that turn up in news and advertising support this view. Last year new insurance worth more than $2 billion was written on the lives of Canadians and there is now a total of $19 billions carried in Canada. From all this, it might appear that the country is adequately protected. How far this snap judgment is short of the mark becomes evident after hearing what M. J. Smith, president of Equitable Life of Canada, had to say at the company's recent annual meeting.

Expressed in terms of per capita protection, the average amount of insurance on a Canadian life—in this Life-conscious country — is only $1,300!

While the average has been rising, Mr. Smith noted a disturbing indication that a *decreasing percentage of yearly income is going into personal insurance*. He ascribed this trend to three causes: growth in the last decade of group insurance and company pension plans; family allowances; old age pensions. The conviction is left with many people that such plans and benefits make personal insurance less urgent.

Commenting upon such a conception, Mr. Smith said:

"All the facts point the other way. What people can expect under group plans and government payments will help cover the increased cost of living, but the need for arranging personal and family security is as great as, if not greater than, before.

"Group insurance, valuable as it is, should not create the feeling that it is adequate; it may disappear with a job change and it runs out at an age when new needs arise."

Here obviously is a most important role for business and industry. Management can give good guidance to its group life and pension plan participants if it sincerely sets out to [illegible]. Because such guidance is [illegible] public weal, it emphatically should do so.

To quote [illegible] president further: "Because a greater percentage of the population is going to live to retirement and live longer after, they must use their earning years to make personal provision for more adequate income in their retirement years. Otherwise they must resign themselves to life at the level of a bare minimum income from pensions which may tend to lag below the minimum needs of the day.

"The individual must continue with increasing importance to rely on his personal arrangements for security in case of death or old age."

G. L. PRATT

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RHYS M. SALE: 600 cars a day.

Who's Who in Business

IF IT WERE possible to be in two places at one and the same time, Rhys M. Sale would be a happier man. He almost managed it once—a picture treasured by Mrs. Sale shows her husband, in kilt, standing on both flanks of his regiment; to get this effect he did a fast sprint while the panoramic photo was being taken.

Currently, he is attending to his daily chores as president of the Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited, at the huge plant in Windsor, while keeping an eye on the even bigger (32 acres) plant at Oakville, which will employ 2,500 workers when it opens next month.

Dual interests have dotted his life. Thirty-eight years ago, when he was a clerk in a Detroit bank, his loyalty was divided between the U.S. city and his adjoining hometown of Windsor. His affection for Windsor finally brought him back over the border to start work as a clerk in Ford of Canada's finance division.

That was in 1915, eleven years after the Canadian company had started operations in an old wagon works on the banks of the Detroit river.

Almost four decades later he's still there, and the windows of his modest home open on to that same river across which he can see the skyline of the world's biggest car-making city.

The ramifications of Mr. Sale's job were perhaps best illustrated by the fuss that arose in 1950 when the company announced that assembly operations would eventually be moved over to the new $35 million Oakville plant, 200 miles away. The people of Windsor, fearing a slump in the city's economy, naturally were alarmed — until Ford of Canada's president pointed out that a further $30 million would also be spent on extending the Windsor plant.

The man who supervises the work of Ford's 13,000 employees (and by implication affects the lives of most of Windsor's 150,000 people) is athletically built (6ft. 1½ ins., 185 lbs.) with dark, greying hair and the restless manner which often marks the successful executive.

Occasionally he will leave his panelled office, walk down through the plant, and casually drive off in a car which has just come gleaming off the 600-a-day production line. After spending 38 of his 56 years working for Ford, he is a hard man to please with a car and his considerable sales experience has familiarized him with almost every point a potential customer can raise.

His career with the company has been steady rather than spectacular. After European service in World War I, and a year or two re-acclimatizing himself back in Canada, he was dispatched to Australia and there helped to set up the subsidiary which today employs more than 6,500 workers.

When he returned, in 1926, to Windsor (which he has described as having "more tolerance and racial understanding than almost any city I know") he was named export manager and from there moved up the domestic sales section to the post of general sales manager.

World War II brought more work overseas, when he headed Ford of Canada's technical group in Europe, and foreign travel has become an increasing responsibility since 1948, when he was elected executive vice president. In 1950 he was named president of the Canadian company.

Over the years he has acquired a reputation for forthright action and speech. He is friendly and relaxed, but outspoken when he feels there is something that should be said.

JOHN WILCOCK

Women

PEARLS for effect: from La Tausca's collection, Henry Birks, Toronto.

Conversation Pieces:

THE PRESIDENCY of the Ontario Education Association going to attractive Dr. Margaret McCready, Principal of Macdonald Institute, Guelph, and fourth woman to hold the position in the 94-year history of the Association . . . the international June wedding of Joseph Pope of Montreal, son of Lt.-Gen. Maurice Pope, Canadian Ambassador to Belgium, and Claudine de Lannoy of Brussels . . . the re-election of Mrs. A. W. Switzer as Regent of the Vancouver Municipal Chapter IODE . . . the bilingual meeting this week-end in Hamilton of the Ontario and Quebec regions of the Canadian Women's Press Club . . . the well-earned citation to Jean Howson, Toronto, by five U.S. organizations of composers, honoring her, as director of serious music publications for Broadcast Music Inc. (Canada), "for her insight as mentor and friend of Canadian composers, and her role in promoting performances of Canadian musical work throughout the English-speaking world" . . . the 100th anniversary of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, NS . . .

CONVERSATION PIECES: The opening of a new Christian university in Tokyo, Japan, with pledged support from a number of Canadian sponsors, including the United Church of Canada, Lady Eaton and President Sydney Smith of the University of Toronto . . . a medieval recipe for turning hair golden—broom flowers, egg yolk and saffron, boiled together and eaten . . . the first "Springtime Party", April 24, arranged by the Women's Committee of the Ottawa Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Robert Gill and Mrs. C. C. Radcliff . . . the wedding this week-end of Martha Ann Wickham of Toronto and Mac Renfrew Pike, son of the Hon. Frank Pike of Newfoundland . . . the elite of Canadian dogdom meeting in Montreal, April 26, for the 32nd annual championship dog show of the Ladies' Kennel Club of Canada . . . Mrs. Norman Drysdale, Vancouver President of Women's Auxiliary to BC Cancer organizations . . . the friendly solution to the expense problem of cross-Canada travel to next week's Ballet Festival in Ottawa, by three Vancouver groups who pooled dancers to form one unit . . .

CONVERSATION PIECES: The winning of the $300 first prize in the Toronto Firefighters' Association awards by Dorothy Howarth—former Saskatchewan school teacher, now a topflight Toronto *Telegram* reporter—for her moving description of an early morning fire at an old people's home . . . the engagement of Dr. Mary Louise Robb, daughter of Professor Charles A. Robb of Westmount, Que. (formerly of Edmonton), to Dr. Mieczyslaw Peszczynski of New York City . . . Vancouver's very recent first Spring garden festival, under sponsorship of the Thetis Club . . . the four Canadian service women who will march in the Coronation procession: Captain Marial Laura Mosher, CWAC, of Halifax, and Nursing Sister Lt. Elizabeth Andreas of Calgary, representing the Active Army, and Matron Rose Marie Hamelin, ARRC, of Quebec City, and Sgt. Thelma Earnshaw, CWAC, of Toronto, representing the Reserve Army . . . Spring handbags, unable to make up their minds whether to be long and lean, tall and slim or downright huge . . . the late afternoon reception, given by her grown-up daughter and son, for Mrs. Viola McCrossan, of Vancouver, to celebrate her new status as a full-fledged lawyer, some thirty years after she had left her articled clerkship to marry and raise a family . . . the new cream nail polish remover, from England . . . the breaking of tradition in Walt Disney's movie cartoon of Barrie's *Peter Pan*, by using a boy's voice for Peter; the role always having been played on the stage by an actress, starting with Maude Adams back in 1905 . . . the exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Walter N. Sage of Vancouver, at the Coste House Art Centre, Calgary.

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AT THE BALL: *(l to r) Commodore H. A. Wallace, of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Mrs. B. L. Johnson and Captain Johnson, Mrs. W. S. Day and Mr. Day, all of Vacouver.*

Eric Skipsey

Golden Jubilee Ball

Royal Vancouver Yacht Club

COMMODORE *and Mrs. Ken Glass, Royal Vancouver Yacht Club.*

BALLERINAS *Jean Stoneham and Irene Apiné, Royal Winnipeg Ballet.*

Ashley & Crippen

Ballet Reception

AT RECEPTION *given by Lady Kemp, Toronto, in honor of Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the Canadian National Ballet: (l to r) Mrs. George Hees, Toronto committee, David Adams, Celia Franca, Gweneth Lloyd, Lois Smith, Betty Farrally, conductor Eric Wild.*

Encounter with Royalty

MY ONLY personal encounter with Royalty probably bewildered Royalty slightly, but it was satisfactory to me and my aunts.

It was just after the First World War, when Edward, Prince of Wales, was away out ahead of Rudolph Valentino as a romantic hero. His picture was in every Canadian schoolgirl's snapshot album, and every Canadian lad, even remotely blond, could be sure that sooner or later, some girl would flatter him in a fond moment by telling him that he reminded her of the Prince. When he toured Canada, we all tumbled around in a sort of communal daydream for weeks.

I was at boarding school at the time, and the whole school stood precariously on tiers brought from the auditorium and placed on the lawn just inside the fence.

A few days later, my grandfather died suddenly in Toronto. He was to be buried in his native village of Blenheim (fifteen or twenty miles from my school town) where his mother still lived. In due time, my two young aunts turned up at the school and we three set off for Blenheim in a taxi.

My aunts were in mourning, black from head to foot, and I wore my school uniform, black serge with a high collar. The white edging had been removed from the collar of the dickie, as being too cheerful.

My aunts were only a few years older than I, and ordinarily we would have had a great deal to say, but we were all conscious of our destination, and decorously subdued. I presume the girls were genuinely sorrowful. My grandfather had never meant much to me. He was a rather grumpy character, given to sudden alarming roars. He looked rather like Teddy Roosevelt, but not so toothy. I treated him with a wary respect, but other people seemed to like him all right.

His mother was in her eighties, very Scottish, very strong-minded, very set in her ways. We knew someone would have to sit up all night with the body, and we tortured ourselves pleasantly with the fear that it might be us, knowing perfectly well it would be one of the men of the family.

Our taxi stopped at a railroad crossing, out in the country, and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Attention Please!

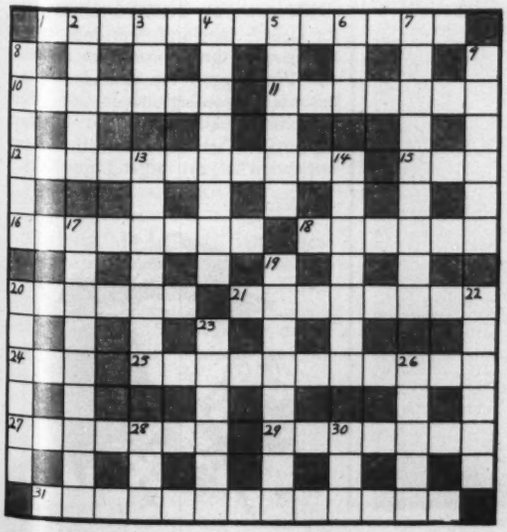
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. "Get on your feet!" (8, 5)
10. Lack of it makes an albino off-color. (7)
11. One of the hairs that stand on end when you do? (7)
12. For the deaf man has no aspiration to listen to brass. (3, 8)
15. Not out of the frying pan, but certainly in the fire. (3)
16. Freckles. (3, 5)
18. May necessitate an uncertain number taking ill. (6)
20. The second part shows the result of one being able to at first. (6)
21. Mistakes our grandmothers kept under cover. (8)
24. Was it the Bull that made the Union forces do it? (3)
25. It's read by the gas man after mother has a turn. (11)
27. One mist undoubtedly will. (7)
29. Any feminist movement is bound to be. (7)
31. Is the black sheep this kind of a scoundrel? (4,2,3,4)

DOWN

2. This might bring cheer to the animal. (5)
3. It is born to be in need. (3)
4. Hint that one is familiar. (8)
5. Vessel let to a sailor. (6)
6. How a King put his name to the Croix de Guerre. (3)
7. Disentangle a text, Eric. (9)
8. What a taxi call and the taxi does to the unwelcome guest? (6)
9. This, coming before the end of a sentence, should surely be written in freehand. (6)
13. An impression of a popular type? (7)
14. Give Sol space to sit in. (7)
17. A V.I.P. couldn't start off in such negative fashion. (9)
19. Seaport that may put the brethren on the rocks? (8)
20. Sounds like what the yellow pig meant? (6)
22. They branch out to 27? (6)
23. William, the founder of a state, took on an ensign. (6)
26. The dance loses nothing if you get a taste for it. (5)
28. Edward's dry job probably— (3)
30. —stacks up to this. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1 and 7. See 8
9. Stooping
10. Taints
11. Phlegm
12. Lunatics
14. Scissors
17. Mirage
18. Turret
20. Ladybird
22. Shell out
24. Crumbs
26. Uplift
28. Killjoys
29. Gash
30. See 8

DOWN

2. Notch
3. 15. Smokers' cough
4. Opium
5. Engulfs
6. Titan
7. Painter
8. 30, 7 across 1. Put that in your pipe and smoke it
13. Cigar
15. See 3
16. Out
17. Mad
19. Raleigh
20. Latakia
21. Bluejay
23. Octet
24. Celli
25. Bayou
27. Pea

(258)

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EATON'S...CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION...STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

train chugged slowly by. We watched it idly until it was past. On the back platform, all alone, stood the Prince of Wales. We were paralyzed with excitement. We could not even wave. We just sat and gazed, and so did the taxi driver.

For some reason, the train stopped a couple of hundred yards past the crossing. Nobody said anything, even then. The three of us just sprayed out of the taxi and ran down the ties, like young crows in our black clothes.

The Prince's right arm was in a sling, resting from too much hand-shaking. We managed rather good curtsies, and then one by one we shook the royal left hand. No one had ever told us that you don't speak first in the presence of royalty, so my aunts went right ahead and put him at his ease with social chatter about his trip through Canada, and his injured hand. I was incapable of speech.

His Highness was affable but not voluble, and the moment came when there was just no more light conversation. We became conscious of the waiting taxi and our proper destination. So we said good-bye and curtsied again. Then we were faced with the problem of exit.

One thing we had learned at the convent, and learned thoroughly and for all time: one does not turn one's back on a Personage. We had all done a lot of backing up and down the steps from the school auditorium stage, but we had never tried backing along two hundred yards of railway ties. It was slow, it was difficult, it was ungraceful. The polite smiles on our faces became fixed and anxious.

The Prince stood placidly and watched us. My older aunt was very fashionable, in thin kid shoes with pointed toes and high French heels. She backed daintily, something like a hackney horse. My younger aunt had high heels too, but not so thin, and every time her foot came down in the right place she dimpled in triumph. Fortunately, I had not attained the dignity of high heels, but my knees shook, and I was noted for my habit of falling over things. I simply prayed earnestly with every faltering step.

I have no idea how long the agony lasted. It seemed endless. There did come a moment when the royal gaze was turned away, and as one we turned and fled back to the taxi.

For once, my aunts refrained from the usual insulting warnings about telling everything I knew to our elders. We hugged the episode to our bosoms in gloating silence, and when we reached Blenheim, our funereal expressions satisfied even the sharp inspection of my great-grandmother.

PEG STEWART

Lighter Side

Intimations of Mortality

"BEAUTIFUL DAY," said Mr. Blufisch, leaning over the back fence.

"Wonderful," I said. The April sky was blue and windless, the spiraea was pricking into leaf, the crocuses under the window were studded as thick as cloissoné, and the daffodils and early tulips were rushing into bud weeks ahead of Mother's Day.

"You need a cemetery plot?" Mr. Blufisch inquired.

"Certainly not," I said, "who wants a cemetery plot on a day like this?"

"Fellow I know is buying up farmland just north of the city and dividing it up into cemetery plots," Mr. Blufisch said. "It's a real gold mine."

"I know," I said, "I read about it in the papers. You buy up unused farmland at $800 an acre and sell it off at $125 a plot, for $100,000 an acre."

"The new Necropolitan Area plan," Mr. Blufisch said, and chuckled, "That's pretty good, isn't it?"

"Not very," I said, and added severely, "Really, Mr. Blufisch, haven't you anything better to do on a lovely day like this than hang over the back fence like the Grim Reaper talking about cemetery plots?"

"Just thought you might be interested," Mr. Blufisch said. "This fellow has a new angle on cemetery plots. He says the family plot scheme is out — you know, central marble shaft for the immediate relatives, then outside plots for aunts, uncles and cousins, fringing off into second cousins and relatives by marriage."

I said there was a great deal to be said for it. "It represented tradition, continuity and family solidarity," I pointed out.

"Anyway, this fellow says it's out," Mr. Blufisch said. "He figures that most people these days spend their lives avoiding their relatives, so they certainly aren't going to arrange to spend eternity with them. His idea is they'd rather spend it with their friends and business associates."

"How is he working it out?" I asked, interested in spite of myself.

"Breaking his cemetery up into reserved sections," Mr. Blufisch said. "You know, for lodges, Knights of Columbus, Liberal and Progressive Conservative Associations, Property Owners' Organizations."

"Awfully interesting," I said. There was certainly a parable of some sort in the thought of an ardent member of the Property Owners' Association making his final territorial claim to a 6' x 3' plot, with residential restrictions.

"And then of course, Alumnae groups, Rotary groups, Service groups, ex-Service groups," Mr. Blufisch went on. "You get the idea. 'Joiners in life, in death they were not divided.' "

"Ouch!" I said.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Blufisch said.

"That Watch-Dog rose," I said. "It's got spikes an inch long."

"You want to watch your finger doesn't get infected," Mr. Blufisch said. "A thing like that can get ahead of you before you know it. I knew a woman once—"

"Are you trying to sell me a cemetery lot?" I asked.

"Not me," said Mr. Blufisch. "Though if you were interested there'd probably be a big percentage in it for you. Home and School clubs, Housewife-Consumer leagues, Welfare groups, ladies on various executives."

I said I knew a number of ladies on executives, and while they got along very well together for an afternoon or two a week I doubted very much if they would care to spend the whole of eternity together.

"How about the Canadian Authors' Association?" Mr. Blufisch asked. "You're an author, aren't you?"

"Who, me?" I said. "Heavens, no, I just write for a living."

"There certainly should be a section reserved for the Canadian Authors' Association," Mr. Blufisch said.

It was a solemn thought. The Canadian Authors' Association laid side by side and end to end in final convention. And everything silenced — the speeches, the testimonials, the author's reading from his own works, the public tributes to the help and encouragement offered by wives. And then the genial fellowships, and quiet animosities forever laid to rest, not even the grass above the graves stirring in unacknowledged controversy—

"It would be a nice place, too, for picnic lunches during Book Week," Mr. Blufisch said. "You ought to get in on it."

I shook my head. "You know what would happen," I said. "The Canadian Authors' Executive would all be in the centre portion under the marble shaft, and I'd be stuck off somewhere on the fringe over by the quickset hedge."

"You could do worse," said Mr. Blufisch.

"Anyway, I don't like the idea," I said. "I don't like to think of one of the prouder aspects of our Canadian culture ending up in a group cemetery plan."

"Well, we've all got to face our mortal end," Mr. Blufisch said, beginning to dislodge himself from the fence. "And I wouldn't put too much time on the rosebushes if I were you. They say it's going to be a Japanese Beetle year."

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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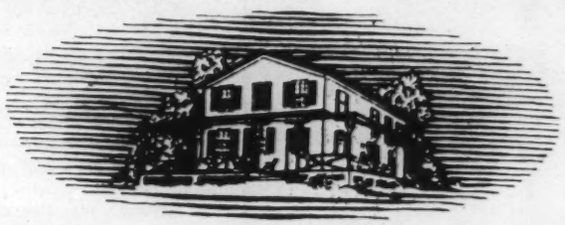

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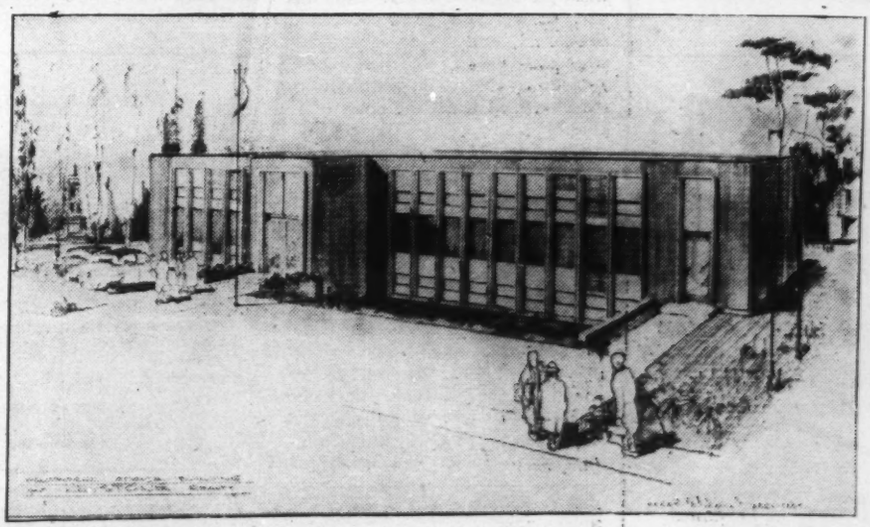

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The Backward Glance

54 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

SATURDAY NIGHT had 12 pages in its issue of April 22, 1899. The lead column was headed, Things In General, and in it Edmund Sheppard, the editor, lambasted things in general, particularly the marine underwriters. These gentlemen had recently raised their insurance between 20 and 30 per cent. This unhappy state of affairs was due, apparently, to the loss of two Canadian steamships, the *Labrador* of the Dominion Line, and the *Castilian* of the Allied Line.

Sheppard said, "The *Labrador* pounded herself to pieces on the rocks, while the captain did not know whether he was on the coast of Scotland or Ireland, and the *Castilian* went down at least 25 miles off her course while only one day from port." Which indicated a little of the hazards of seafaring in those days.

The hazards, however, were not only those of the elements, for Sheppard told of a recent voyage he made from Liverpool to Montreal, taking a full column in which to list his gripes. He said, speaking of the *Mongolian* of the Allen Line, "She was as dirty as a pig-sty. To move along her decks one had to roll up one's trousers and step carefully." Over what he doesn't say, although it is easy to guess; the ship had been used as a cattle boat on its trip from Canada to the United Kingdom.

Next to the voyage of *HMS Bounty*, this one was one of the worst in seafaring annals, according to Mr. Sheppard. He told of the ragged, scruffy crew, the captain's boorish table manners, the perpetual rows between the passengers, and, as the clincher to what must have been a very pleasant Atlantic crossing, "the stewardess shot the purser while off the coast of Ireland."

Even in 1899 Americans were claiming that Canada either wanted to, or should, become part of the U.S.A. This hoary old editorial chestnut has been tossed back and forth a million times, and it usually makes its appearance about this time of year, mid-way between Easter and Mother's Day. SATURDAY NIGHT, 54 years ago this week, quoted an editorial from the Washington *Post*, which in turn quoted the Toronto *Mail and Empire* to the effect that Canada was just dying to become an American adjunct. We won't quote the rest of the story here, for if you keep your eyes on your hometown papers for the next week or two you're bound to spot it again, although the names of the proponents will have changed.

The French have a saying which loosely translated means, the more things change, the more they remain the same, and we are conscious of this all the time as we go through these old copies of SATURDAY NIGHT. There was thinly veiled racial prejudice in the April 22, 1899, issue, in comment decrying street pedlars: "Men who day after day walk through our streets singing out in the voices of men who probably think they are crying in the wilderness, and who are certainly using their lungs for the first few times in Canada."

If there was anti-Jewish sentiment abroad in those days, there was also a great sensitivity by other nationals at having themselves portrayed as buffoons. At the turn of the century it was the Irish who had their dander up. SATURDAY NIGHT reported that two priests, Rev. Fathers Treacy and Dollard, complained in *The Catholic Register* against the stage Irishman as a gross exaggeration. They particularly objected to Irishmen being lampooned at St. Patrick's Day celebrations. On St. Patrick's Day! We never thought anyone would dare!

Under Sporting Comment we read that the baseball season got under way with a game between Toronto Varsity and Crescent Athletic Club.

And in a column devoted to horse-racing, by John Francis Ryan, we learn that the Canadian racer, Martimas, was disqualified after winning the Flatbush Stakes in New York the season before. Its owner, William Hendry of Hamilton, said to the judges after the disqualification, "Keep your money. I don't want it. I know that I have the best horse, and I am satisfied." Martimas went on to win the Futurity, which certainly proved Mr. Hendry's point.

J. E. Seagram, who had won the Queen's Plate eight years in a row, up to 1899, was expected to win it again that year. His winning entries for the past eight years had been Victorious, O'Donohoe, Martello, Joe Miller, Millbrook, Bonniefield, Ferdinand and Bon Ino.

A column headed Studio and Gallery, written by Jean Grant, decried the lack of Canadian art schools. She said, "A people without aesthetic culture are not far removed from barbarism." With all due respect to Miss Grant, this is a thing that we, as Canadians, have been saying over and over in the 54 years since she wrote her column. In the mind of this writer, at least, we are flogging a non-existent horse; we may not have the outward trappings of culture, but we do have Canadian painting, music and literature nevertheless.

SOCIAL and Personal reported the marriage of Miss Helena Madeleine Gooderham to Mr. Stanley J. Castleman of Riverside, Cal. Mrs. Sutherland Stayner gave a tea for Lady Tilley, Miss Mowat announced an At Home to be held at Ontario's Government House, and Mr. George Broughall was married to Miss Inez Mitchell. Miss Ethel Mulock had returned following a visit with Lady Laurier, Mrs. Henry Farrer of Montreal was in Toronto for the Horse Show, and Mr. E. Hay, inspector of the Imperial Bank, had left a week before for an extended trip West.

During the past 54 years the bicycle has changed hardly at all. The bikes illustrated in the SATURDAY NIGHT of 1899 could be sold and ridden today without anyone knowing their age, with one small addition: mud guards. Massey-Harris advertised its bicycles with a two-column illustration showing a September-mornish young woman riding a winged bicycle no-hands. The Welland Vale Co. illustrated its ad with a drawing of its new "chainless" model, and listed it at $55. Other models to suit the purses (they were not called "budgets" yet) of the gay blades of the day sold from $40 to $60. The Gendron Co. advertised that its famous Model 99 featured the Waters hub, which allowed the front wheel to be removed without spreading the front forks.

And if you think that "Lanolin" is a new name in advertising, we draw your attention to an ad for Lanoline Toilet Preparations, which were being manufactured and sold 54 years ago by the Lanoline Co. of London, England.

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